JOHN BULL, JULY 14, 1928 Vol. XLIV. No. 1152.

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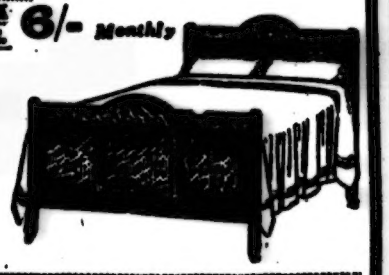

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JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

e Grab Racket.
A striking exposure of the Government's rating n was made the other day, but got next to no blicity. It was an appeal to property-owners a Conservative M.P. not to use rating "relief" raise rents.

cking the Bubble.
This M.P. had himself received offers of property ich, it was represented, was bound to rise in lue, since the rating subsidy would shortly ke possible an increase in rents. Rents of t sort would soon bring the Budget balloon wn in tatters!

sping the Grasp.
Producers, distributors, public authorities—e more they go into their money troubles, the re they realise the land grip. Unless you tax land, the land will tax everybody else.

ildren at Ransom.
Just lately one of the London local authorities ding a recreation-ground found the price about ubled when it leaked out that public money s going. It was the only bit of land available; if the kiddies are to play, the ratepayers st pay!

ll They Touch It?
The coming Royal Commission on rail and road nsport ought to have one vital matter within range. A system that collected the higher d values due to the new roads could give Britain cheapest transport in the world.

indling Stock.
The Government cannot feel very proud of Holborn by-election result. A drop of 4,548 the Conservative majority amounts to a smack the eye.

ifference.
But worse was the lightness of the poll. That ly 10,665 of 27,490 electors took the trouble vote shows lack of interest both illogical and nous.

n't Be Toads.
Indifference to Parliamentary representation is re childish incompetence. Enfranchised per-s who won't vote reduce themselves to the pleasness of being squeezed under the harrow thout protest.

e Larger Job.
The appointment of Lord Byng as Metropolitan lice Commissioner has provoked widespread content. The putting of a military head to vilian forces must be stopped.

o Young at Sixty!
To supplant a retiring official of sixty by one sixty-five is sheer imbecility. Youth and alert terprise in modern conditions are wanted.

nery?
It is all the more sinister that Lord Byng's ppointment is "not for long." Change the aracter of the Force, then leave the difficulties r the new Government to clear up.

Un-British.
We warn the Government that this country will not tolerate a militarised police force. The friendliness between police and public is our greatest asset for law and order.

We Thought So.
The acquittal of Mrs. Pace was a foregone conclusion from the first. There was, as Mr. Norman Birkett, K.C., rightly submitted, "no case to answer."

A Grave Flaw.
That Mrs. Pace, despite her long-drawn agony and ruined life, is not entitled to a penny of compensation raises a very serious point. It is time the law was altered.

Try Youth.
Sixty-two is the average age of railway directors. Experience is valuable, but becomes pernicious when inelastic. Men in the eighties have earned retirement, and should take it.

Dead End.
The cry "Reduction of labour costs" has as much brain-power behind it as a cockatoo's shriek. Neither railway salvation nor safety can be secured by staff starvation.

Sea Safety.
Mr. Ammon's Bill compelling every ship above 500 tons to carry line-throwing apparatus has passed its first reading and promises to become law. It's an example of what real zeal in one man can do.

Air Crashes.
The inquest on Flight-Lieutenant Calvey and Flight-Sergeant Hollier revealed both men smashed beyond recognition with every bone broken. And that's only one form of death the opponents of disarmament are voting for.

Solemnity.
The early morning church services held to give thanks for the passing of the Equal Franchise Bill are a hint to men voters. Women are taking their new responsibilities seriously.

Slowing Down.
In six months ending March, 1927, new houses completed in England and Wales numbered 111,163, but in the six months ending last March only 76,751 were built. To say "shortage is ended" is to talk with the tongue in the cheek.

Progress.
The chain of sunlight clinics to run through the country brings promise of health to the country's children. When the first one at Ealing is completed it will be the largest in the world.

Money Saves.
That travel can give sunlight to the rich while the poor die for lack of it is one cruel evil of poverty. These clinics will make sunlight cures possible for all.

* * *

£1,000 and HOLIDAY PRIZES! Spend half an hour with page 35 and you may soon be spending £1,000 or a "Bullets" Holiday Prize!

Tricks and Traps.
Shopkeepers with tempting window displays of fine fruit offered cheap smilingly inform buyers "It can't be reached until the window is re-dressed." It is a mean evasion.

The Law.
The legal position is that goods exposed with a price ticket are obtainable at that price if customers insist. When they do, the "show-a-mackerel-to-catch-a-sprat" game will be scotched.

As We Foretold.
Clear-cut common-sense marked the N.U.R.'s welcome of the Co-operation in Industry Conference. Nothing imperils the children's bread and butter more than lock-outs and strikes.

The Bull's-eye.
Co-operation does not spell peace at any price. It means mutual understanding and respect as a rock foundation for peace that cannot be shaken. A very different thing.

"Encouragement."
The head of a Palestine firm periodically visiting this country for business was kept in Paris from June 20 to half-way through July by British Consular restrictions. That's how passport irritations destroy trade!

Hurry Up!
The agitation for lessening child-birth mortality must not slacken. That 66,421 mothers died between 1911–1926 is the fact to remember.

Help!
In 1901 the first ante-natal bed in the world was opened in Edinburgh Royal Maternity Hospital, and still Queen Charlotte's Hospital lacks funds to start one. A national disgrace!

Opening Doors.
Nineteen countries, including Great Britain, are "willing" to renounce all export prohibition on hides. Geneva, in felling tariff walls, is finding the key to the locked trade of the world.

Coming Along.
Turkey for the first time is represented at the Geneva discussions on disarmament and Russia has sent an "observer." The great adventure in human sanity has begun.

Kind Hearts.
Another princely gift, the second £10,000 within a few days, has been received by the National Playing Fields Association. By so much is health and happiness advanced.

Congratulation.
The Bo'sover Colliery Company struck a warm, human note in entertaining 8,000 miners and their families at Edwinstowe Hall. The £10,000 a year spent by the company in welfare work for employees gives a good lead to others.

Over Seas.
Plans are made for starting 3,000 new farms in Australia, and Mr. Amery urges an immediate advance of £150,000 to accelerate emigration. Similar eagerness to develop waste land in this country wouldn't come amiss.

WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

Startling Figures.

At Mansfield, 380 houses are overcrowded and 322 seriously overcrowded. If the personal effort of each of the 44,418 inhabitants of the town could be conjured up, these heartrending figures would do the vanishing trick.

Example to Follow.

The Chief Constable of Blackpool has cleared the district of mock auctioneers, and people owning premises are co-operating by refusing to let their property to such people. We hope other seaside resorts will likewise help.

Ungrateful Thief.

Although found out and forgiven by his employer, a theatre manager nearly blind, whom he robbed of £33, Victor Geary, a Kingston manservant, mulcted him of a further £8. Two months' hard labour is too light a sentence for such barefaced, despicable conduct.

Sleepy Inspectors.

A workman having lost part of one arm, the Darwen Spinning Company has been fined £10 for not having the responsible machinery fenced. But fines are merely punishment after the event, and there would be fewer accidents if inspectors made sure that industries were safe for workers.

Homeless.

Turned out of rat-infested hovels in Berwick's slums, sixteen poor families, eighty-one persons, found nothing better to turn to than temporary shelter, although their wretchedness has been officially known for more than six years. If similarly circumstanced, what would the members of the council say?

Hurry Along, Please!

Have you had your copy of the "JOHN BULL Summer Annual" yet? You can get one from any newsagent, subject to the slight formality of handing 6d. over the counter! But you'll have to be quick. The best bundle of fun obtainable to-day is not going to be obtainable much longer. It's selling out like hot cakes.

Dangerous Fiend.

A man of independent means, Arthur Darbyshire, of Padstow, committed a dastardly assault on a nurse in his employ, and for seven years will be in a place away from women. Before being released he should be medically examined. It is an unpleasant thought that "a fiend incarnate in drink" may some day again be free.

Drunkard's Freak.

Having broken eleven panes of glass in the police cells because he was not given a cigarette while drunk, James Wilson, of no fixed abode, has celebrated his thirty-third offence by going to prison for two months. What a remedy! Our wandering drunkards need curing or permanently lodging in a national inebriates' home.

Taxing Cleanliness.

Mr. John A. Statham, sanitary inspector to the Pelper Urban District Council, is of opinion that more baths would be put in dwelling-houses if, in addition to the installation cost, no extra rate had to be paid. We advise him to throw his weight about whenever possible in the matter. Cleanliness is the last thing that should be taxed.

Dangerous "Amusements."

It is particularly disgraceful that, hot upon the heels of a fairground tragedy, eight children and a girl of nineteen should be injured by the collapse of a "helter-skelter" at the Darlington Railwaymen's Carnival. Cannot the Home Office take action in securing the safety of these vaunted "amusements" before still more tragedies occur?

Lost Holiday.

Subscriptions from twenty-two poor folk to a holiday savings fund under her management were too tempting to Margaret White, a Leigh widow, who absconded with £37 9s. due to be paid out. During her two months' hard labour she must stick to her intention of repayment, since those who needed one must have lost all chance of a holiday.

Tragic Ignorance.

It is no use pretending, because cases of it are not reported in the Press, that incest does not exist. In view of its dangers and of Mr. Justice McCardie's claim of the public's general ignorance that it is a criminal offence, newspapers should publish the facts if only to prick with another goad those on the march to exterminate slums.

The Pity of It.

War claims its victims even in the piping times of peace, and the death of Captain John Moseley Abott, 8th Field Battery, Royal Artillery, by a shell explosion near Dundee, deprives a father of an only son. Thirty-two years of age, unmarried, and exceptionally well educated, he is a type of too many who are sacrificed on the altar of the war god.

Appalling Cruelty.

For leaving pigs three weeks without food or water, so that they killed and tried to devour each other, Arthur Penny, a gas stoker, of Church Road, Mitcham, has been sentenced to six weeks' hard labour, a very proper punishment. It is to be hoped that enforced retirement will induce salutary reflections on what constitutes decent behaviour.

Sordid Story.

Six months' hard labour is too good for George Compson, of Sheffield. Leaving his two children to sleep with their mother with a newly married couple in one bed, he even expected his wife to put up with having his mistress and her child by him in the house. Such disgraceful conduct is a grave reflection on an upbringing that failed to kindle in him a spark of decency for women.

The Human Machine

NO "NERVES"!

by *E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.*

A REAL disease of modern life is "nerves." You find far more people to-day with "nerves" than you ever did.

It is all very well blaming the rush and stress of modern life; but it does not account for it all by a long way. How much of the rush and hurry is really due to life and how much do we make for ourselves?

Life, of course, is going much faster than it did; that cannot be disputed. But we needn't help it to go faster still!

What we are always avoiding nowadays is to work when we work and play when we play.

We will take our work round with us. We never really give ourselves any real relaxation.

I believe in the gospel of hard work. You don't break down by doing a real job of work—if you drop it every now and then for a little real play and rest.

You will break down very quickly if you work and work and work without forgetting all about it sometimes. Not even a machine made of steel can go on working without a rest. Even it would break down. How can you do it then?

BUT don't bring your play into your work. Unless you work at your job as if you meant it you will be on the worry all the time. And if you are on the worry you will soon become a mass of nerves.

One thing at a time—and that thing well. That is the way to be healthy both bodily and mentally.

Work with a will and play with a will—but don't mix them!

Do plenty of both, and you will be free from the curse of to-day—"nerves."

"Nerves" are simply a sign that a man cannot control himself. Just think that out.

Tragedy of Trifling.

James Raw, a West Burton carter, cannot [be] very proud of himself, after the rebuke admi[nis]tered by the coroner at the inquest on [the] Elizabeth Metcalf, who hanged herself. [He] taking all she had to give, he failed to keep [his] promise of marriage, and she could not bear [it]. In high life or low, hearts were made for a bet[ter] fate than trifling with.

Worst Punishment.

Instead of being content to be on the regu[lar] pay list of a shipping company, Thomas Merr[ick] of Canning Town, by making false statements, [got] £2 5s out of the guardians. We utterly disappro[ve] of his being sent to a month's imprisonme[nt] whereby he is more likely genuinely to come on [the] parish. He should have been fined and made [to] repay the money by hard work.

Legal Mystery.

Belabouring his fiancée's sister about the he[ad], grasping her by the hair and dragging her al[ong] the pavement until she was unconscious, was [an] interpretation of engagement privileges by Thom[as] Donovan, a Cardiff man. Admitting the assa[ult] he was fined at the local police-court £6, or t[wo] months in default. Why he was allowed [an] option is a mystery only known to the law.

She Did Her Best.

Notwithstanding the world of pride and re[ti]in Miss Copeland's reply to the Cardiff coro[ner] "I do not think it relevant to these proceedi[ngs] because I did not get near Miss Evans," her pl[uck] in plunging into a raging torrent to save [her] drowning friend cannot go unnoticed. The wo[rld] rem'mbers a woman of whom Christ said, "S[he] hath done what she could."

Take Care!

Novels, sweets and visits to the "picture[s]" are a rotten exchange for a good character. T[he] Sheffield girl who stole 8s. 5d. rent money to b[uy] these things, and whose attitude in court suggest[ed] that she did not care a button, must change h[er] tune. Placed on probation for twelve month[s] she has still time to keep out of jail. And [it] is a very good place to keep out of.

Black Record.

How much easier it is to make war than cle[an] up the evils war leaves is felt to the full in Be[r]mondsey, the borough which, with one exceptio[n] has the highest pauperisation rates in England an[d] Wales. Where in 1913 only 167 able-bodied perso[ns] were receiving relief, to-day there are 3,728, equ[al] to one in seven of the population. No wonder th[e] guardians are at their wits' end.

The Last Straw.

Mr. Hay Halkett, complaining against th[e] heavy fine of £15 imposed on William Alfre[d] Smee, at Greenwich, in 1925, for thrice obtaini[ng] excess of out-relief, proceeded to send him to [a] month's imprisonment for embezzling his em[-] ployer's money as a result of a handicap of debt. The foolishness of over-fining the destitute is mor[e] than matched by ruining their chances by a shor[t] snap of jail.

Economy Run Riot.

The cutting down of education estimates [is] leading to shocking disrepair and unhygien[ic] conditions in the elementary schools of Smeth[-] wick. Alderman Betts and Councillors Tayl[or] and Baker are well justified in their protest. Children taught in dirt and disorder find it har[d] to be decent when grown up. They are victim[s] of an "economy" which is really a nasty kind o[f] niggardliness.

Touching the Spot.

Woman's wit touched the weak spot in the la[w] that sends a man to prison for arrears of his wife's maintenance, when Mrs. Marshall, of Chesterfield, entreated the magistrates not to jail her husband for owing her hundreds of pounds, as she needed her weekly allowance for the support of her two children. What are our women M.P.s about that they have not already insisted on such offenders working to support their families, instead of adding more mouths for the State to feed?

Pity the Children

That the low earnings of the miners is reflected in vital statistics is proved by Dr. K. Falconer, Medical Officer of Health to the Durham Rural District Council. Families of six are living in one room, nine and ten in two rooms, and up to fourteen in three rooms. The children are dying. It should make our "statesmen" blush for shame.

Miners Driven Mad.

Of course, it may be merely a tragic coincidence that in the space of three days three miners of Coalville, Leicestershire, went mad and had to be moved to the county asylum. Two resisted capture with violence. We fear, however, that the lamentable condition of the industry of late may have had much to do with these mental disturbances.

Fit for No One.

Judge McCleary talked like a book when he said the tenant of a hut in High Street, Idle, that was unfit for pigs to live in and thrice flooded out, would do well to get out of it. But it is a pity he could not command the owner, who is to take possession on July 21, to make it habitable. Where house property is concerned, what is sauce for the goose is also sauce for the gander.

Harsh and Lenient.

It is a pity that the leniency shown to Samuel Collier, an unemployed miner, in being fined 30s. for stealing a dynamo from a garage was not also extended to Albert Cartwright, gardener, of Derby. To send a worker to a month's hard labour for stealing a rug value £2 that he declared he thought valueless as it was covered with whitening is the surest way to make him a ne'er-do-well.

Home Handicap.

It is some comfort that Walter William Roe, of Norwich, who lived with his family in one room, has been sent to an institution, pending work being found for him, for stealing a bicycle. "It was impossible for the lad to keep straight in a home such as his." Thus a detective-inspector put the meaning of the slum problem in a sentence. The physical outlook must be decent if the moral is to be above reproach.

Society's Failure.

Sent to Borstal at twelve, at twenty-six consigned to eight years' penal servitude for manslaughter, Anthony Castor celebrated his being let out on licence by burgling a woman's bedroom. And so back to five years' penal servitude. It is a dreary picture. We clearly need to speed up our efforts at improving homes, schools and prison systems to draw nearer the day when such moral weaklings will cease to exist.

Preventable Danger.

Although it was shown in an action to recover damages from a landlord that his house in Brooklands Road, Battersea, had no hand-rail to the narrow staircase, the jury decided that the plaintiff's case could not be upheld. The plaintiff had suffered a broken leg through falling down stairs. One may hope that this particular landlord will amend the plans of future houses. People should not be expected to take such risks.

"Jix" the Giant-killer.

Who keeps us all good little children and delivers us from evil? Why, Joynson-Hicks. Or so the Home Secretary would have us believe. Listen to the Oracle: "Were Hyde Park left alone it would become a disgrace to civilisation in a fortnight." Did ever you hear a more impertinent exaggeration? We wonder what foreigners must think of a nation condemned so emphatically by a Minister of the Crown.

Practical Sympathy.

The Manchester Corporation has decided to grant free travel facilities on the city tramway service to all legless ex-Service men, thus falling into line with many other important places throughout the country. Practical sympathy of this kind towards those who must remain life-long victims of the Great War is good to read about. And while remembering those who have suffered in the past, it should be the vow of everyone that such tragedies shall find no repetition.

Vacant Cell for Vacuum Vulture.

London householders are warned against a plausible young rogue, who calls at houses with an offer to repair the vacuum-cleaner. If left alone he pockets all the valuables on which he can lay his hands and decamps. Any who, after reading this, fall a victim to the wily rascal deserve to be considered vacuum-headed.

Hard on Allotment-holders.

Two years ago the Nottingham Council approved a scheme for providing permanent allotments for certain tenants, who have since laboured to bring their land to perfection. Now it is proposed to utilise some of the land for building an extension to the local asylum. If time and money expended on these "permanent" holdings are to be lost, those responsible should be called upon to explain.

Advice to Shopkeepers.

A Dover shopkeeper writes that he has been visited by a representative of A. Newton, of 37, Mortlake Road, Kew, in connection with an "Ideal Discount Coupon" scheme. We would not advise him to draw his customers into any such scheme until he has been able to obtain more substantial particulars than those contained in the very cheaply printed booklet and circular.

Vanished "Sun Ray" Clinic.

Following our recent exposure of the Sun Ray Clinic run by a Mr. A. Burdett, at Cardiff, we learn that the clinic has now closed its doors and that Burdett has disappeared. One of the dupes left behind is a man who has paid £12 12s. for "treatment" which his own medical man has since condemned. If Mr. Burdett endeavours to open up in any other city we sincerely trust that the authorities will step in promptly.

No "Nelson."

The most exasperating of all creatures is the man who will insist on seeing what he shouldn't, and the wisest of all is he who, like Nelson, knows when to turn the blind eye. Last year a tombola brought £1,500 to the Mayor's Hospital Extension Fund at Worthing. This year, when it was sought to repeat the successful experiment, some big-wig at the Home Office woke up, gasped, and cried, "Stop! It's agin the law!" Do you wonder that the nations laugh?

Other People's Money.

Betting with your own money is not immoral, but betting with other people's is. Edward Mammatt, an Ashby-de-la-Zouch solicitor, has put as much as £1,000 a day on horses. He has been sent down for three years' penal servitude for converting his clients' money. Outwardly he was an upright man, for he had been a solicitor for thirty years and at one time was clerk to three benches of magistrates. We are more sorry for his clients than for him. He was a humbug.

Charm to Charm Charms!

In recent years lucky charms of one sort or another have been sold to a credulous public in their thousands, and now a person calling himself Will Adus, of 47, Rhodes Street, Shipley, Yorks, is offering for sixpence the "mysterious Egyptian 'Khinda,'" which apparently, acts as a "good luck reviver" in cases where other charms have let down their owners! This is most ingenious, but we fear we must condemn it as a barefaced attempt to part ignorant folk from their cash.

Dead Flowers and Living Child.

When David Butchart, mill-overseer, at Dundee, pleaded guilty to indecently assaulting a little girl of six, and trying to strike her mother with his clenched fist, he was sentenced to twenty-one days' imprisonment. When a little girl at Tottenham gave flowers taken from graves to her schoolteacher, her mother, Harriett Fairbrother, was sent to prison for two months with hard labour! We invite the Home Office to compare these facts and state its opinion of the disparity in sentences.

* * *

Fifty more cheques of £5 5s. each paid to registered readers under "John Bull's" Great Free Insurance Gift. (See page 2.)

Problems of Life

Let Them Say!

by *the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D*

CARVED in quaint lettering over an ancient gateway in Scotland is the inscription, "They say. What say they? Let them say!" Its presence there is plain proof that our rugged ancestors were as sensitive to the gossip of their neighbours as we are.

George Bernard Shaw

To worry about what people say about us is a common fault.

It is a great drawback to natural human intercourse and very destructive of one's peace.

There are people so morbidly fearful of adverse criticism that they shift their course for every wind that blows.

There are others so totally indifferent to what their fellows think of them that they become aggressively unpleasant in their manners and tend to develop a callous selfishness.

This is detestable, but not more troublesome than the disposition that perpetually craves admiration and applause and is depressed by a breath of disapproval.

TO be more concerned about how a thing will look to outsiders than about its intrinsic rightness or wrongness is a contemptible failing and often a cause of injustice and crime.

George Bernard Shaw satirises this characteristically British weakness in "Fanny's First Play." He shows us up in that amusing production and does not hesitate to repeat the dose whenever he can.

His view is that insincerity is a curse born of the desire to stand well with the world rather than to deserve well.

He would not even have us dwell in thought upon whether we are popular or unpopular, and as for making ourselves happy or miserable over what people say about us, he insists that none but a fool will do anything so ridiculous.

Yet this is just what the average person does—some more, some less.

THERE is the hypocrite who pretends to sentiments he does not really feel in order to curry favour with the crowd. There is the weakling who dare not do what his conscience tells him he ought to do; he is afraid of being laughed at.

And there is the coward who will remain silent and let a brave man be unjustly blamed, or (what is still more execrable) agree with him in heart while shouting with his enemies.

The right thing is to try our best to make outward appearance and inward reality correspond in what we do with life and leave the result to God.

Why should we vex our foolish minds
So much from day to day
With what an idle world concerning us
May think or say?

Let others please to think of me,
Or say whate'er they will,
Such as I am before God's judgment-seat,
That am I still.

CONDEMNED CELL SENSATION

Scandalous Home Office Error

Mr. Justice Charles

THERE was hanged in Strangeways Jail a fortnight ago a mental deficient who should now be in Broadmoor instead of the Beyond.

In spite of the united efforts of JOHN BULL, of a close personal friend of the wretched man and of some 9,000 of his fellow-townspeople, who signed a last-minute petition, Walter Brooks, a market salesman, of forty-eight, was duly executed for murder, the Home Secretary seeing no reason why the sentence should not have been carried out.

We, however, are in possession of several definite reasons why the hangman's noose should never have closed around the neck of this small, mild-mannered trader, who lived at 26, Tithebarn Street, Preston.

Some of these reasons were given at the trial, which lasted only six hours; some were passed on to the Home Office prior to the execution; others we have discovered since Brooks met his end.

And although Brooks is now beyond human aid, a recital of the facts as we know them appears to be a vital duty.

Protested innocence

On the night of April 4, in a cobbled side-street of Preston, Brooks shot his wife, a woman of forty-eight, from whom he was living apart, and, at the same time, killed Alfred Moore, who was sixty years of age and a lodger living with other lodgers at Mrs. Brooks' house.

He was arrested the same night and charged with the double murder. From the preliminary hearing onwards, however, he protested his innocence, stating that his mind was an entire blank as regards the whole affair.

At the trial itself the shooting was not denied, but the jury were invited to add a rider to its verdict to the effect that Brooks was insane at the time of the tragedy.

And what are the facts regarding his insanity?

In the first place, two of his brothers had been inmates of asylums. Further still, Brooks himself, in August, 1925, was the subject of a detention order, but the order for his removal was not complied with.

Added to that is the fact that at one time Brooks met with a serious motor accident, as the result of which he was awarded damages of nearly £1,000, although, owing to the second party going bankrupt, he did not receive a penny of the money.

He did, however, receive a number of injuries, *one of which was to the head.*

It is a significant fact, too, that Dr. W. H. Pimblett, medical officer of Preston Jail, who signed the detention order in 1925, admitted at the trial that he had been afraid, even at that time, that Brooks might have murdered his wife. He had *even threatened to kill the doctor.*

More significant still is the fact that, so alarmed was the doctor, he twice visited Mrs. Brooks to ascertain whether his order for the demented man's removal had been carried out, as is the admission of the doctor that *if Brooks had shot his wife on that fateful night he would have certified him insane.*

A great wonder

And yet, at that time, Brooks was suffering from the same insane delusion that continued up to the time of the murder—that Mrs. Brooks was "carrying on" with her lodgers.

Although it was not, apparently, mentioned at the trial, we happen to know that when Brooks was to have been removed four men were to have executed that duty, which indicates the extent of the frenzy reached by this undersized little man during his fits of insanity.

We share with Mr. Justice Charles (who presided at the trial) the view that it was a "great mercy" that Mrs. Brooks survived until 1928. It was also a great wonder!

Passing from the trial to the time when the wretched man lay awaiting the hangman, we have still more overwhelming proof of Brooks' delusional insanity.

Just as, while awaiting trial, he was dazed at the whole amazing business, so did he still preserve his plea of innocence on the grounds that he could remember nothing of the crime.

It was during the last fateful weeks that JOHN BULL received from a Preston nurse a statement regarding Brooks, which we felt it our duty to pass on to the Home Secretary.

Nurse's strange experiences

In 1927, while nursing Mrs. Brooks, this nurse had an unique opportunity of observing the man's peculiarities. While in the house she had many strange experiences.

On one occasion Brooks, with his hands clenched to his temples, was almost demented because a rag-and-bone man had called!

He told her that he had to tug at the hair of his head to loosen the skin. It was so tight, he said, that he would die if he did not!

Insane laughter followed, and then, with a terrible groan, he smashed a large meat-dish to pieces, burying the remnants in the dust-bin as though furtively hiding a corpse. He then said that the tension had gone, and slapping his head added, "Quite all right again."

No grounds for interference!

The nurse stated that, immediately after this occurrence, Mrs. Brooks said, "Has Mr. Brooks been frightening you? *It is about his time again.*" Brooks himself recollected nothing of his mad performance.

During her stay at the house the nurse urged Mrs. Brooks to protect herself against murder by having her husband removed, but she refused.

There were other startling facts in this statement, but a week after we had sent it to the Home Office we were officially informed that:

"The Home Secretary has given careful consideration to all the circumstances of the case and has caused special medical enquiry to be made as to the prisoner's mental condition, and I am to express his regret that he has failed to discover any grounds which would justify him in advising His Majesty to interfere with the due course of the law."

We should have thought that careful consideration of all the circumstances would have involved a close interrogation of such an important post-trial witness as the nurse in question.

She was never seen by anybody from the Home Office nor has anyone except ourselves asked her a single question.

A close personal friend of Brooks, who was the moving factor in the petition, has no doubt at all as to the man's delusional insanity.

Hardest delusion

Normally Brooks was an inoffensive little man and an excellent trader. But frequently he was demented and would break into sobs and utter vague threats. There was no doubt that, at the time of the murder, "it was about his time again."

We are able to reveal Brooks' last message, uttered two days before the end, when all hope had gone. "Tell the people of Preston," he said, "that I am innocent. It is all a blank. I remember nothing."

With brothers who had been asylum inmates, Brooks himself the subject of a detention order, in view of the doctor's evidence, public opinion and the ungiven evidence of an unheard eleventh-hour witness, we can only leave the public to judge whether Broadmoor or the Beyond should have been the fateful destination of a man suffering under the hardest human delusion to bear—fear of the unfaithfulness of a wife.

Canvassers *to Shun*

Allen's *Phantom* Advert

"IT Pays to Advertise!" ra well-known slogan, an one has been quicke realise this than Mr. William All Wardrobe Chambers, 146a, Victoria Street, London.

Mr. Allen is the proprietor paper, unique in journalism, the *Sales Mail*, established oste to render sales service to adver

Canvassers have been enlist boom the *Sales Mail*, which is q new feature in the advertising and have been going about obt orders in great style.

One representative re appeared at Hastings, where, name of Allen, he spoke convin of the great opportunities offe advertisers by the *Sales Mail*.

Unfolded tale

Its editorial notes had, he said carefully selected, and the pap designed solely for the purp advertising any commodity, p business or trade that was pro be genuine and enterprising.

Anything in the nature swindle or ramp, or anythin could be classed as being "catchpenny" type, could tolerated in the pages of the *Mail*.

Such, at least, was the tale u for the benefit of a rest proprietor in Hastings, and "dummy" specimen of the which Mr. Allen produced, a attractive enough, considerabl rest was aroused.

The canvasser then explaine in order to give the *Sales* good start, it had been deci accept insertions at much bel usual rates.

This, coupled with the fac the paper would be despatch of charge to a large circle of ca selected readers of all classes, made the offer a very unique

The restaurant proprieto greatly impressed, and eve agreed to insert an adverti and paid the requisite fee of 3

He was given a printed rece assured that the issue of th *Mail* containing his announ would be forwarded to him course.

Take warning!

Time passed without result ever, and when he eventually to the headquarters of th *Mail* at Wardrobe Chambe letter came back to him bear sorry inscription, "Not known

Many similar complaints arisen, and the truth is that no such paper as the *Sales* and though there have been f callers at the so-called head no one has yet been able to Mr. William Allen.

The only thing we can do, th is to warn others to be o guard and to report any su vassers to the police witho tation.

BLIND MAN'S *Appalling DEATH:* *Sightless—Penniless—Helpless—Lifeless!*

THE terrible fate which recently befell a blind ex-soldier, who died in agony in Bath Infirmary, after months of suffering, opens up a question of the greatest importance to welfare workers through out the country.

The stricken man, whose name was Lambert, and who resided with his wife and children in two rooms of a tenement in the Twerton district, was in receipt of a pension of 38s. 6d. as the result of wounds received on service in India.

He was also in receipt of a small pension from the State under the Blind Persons Act, in respect of his enforced helplessness through being totally blind.

Now, under the Blind Persons Act of 1920, it is the duty of the council of every county or borough to make arrangements which adequately safeguard the interests and welfare of all blind persons permanently residing in their area.

Left to drift

The law on this important point is clearly and definitely laid down.

Providing that the arrangements made are sanctioned by the Minister of Health, the council concerned may undertake all things considered necessary to reduce the burden of the local blind.

They can even provide and maintain a workshop, hostel, home or other institution for the reception of blind persons in the vicinity.

How did the admirable provisions of the Blind Persons Act affect poor Lambert? Was he put into any home for the reception and enlightenment of blind persons?

He was not! He was left in his sightless state to drift into imbecility and speechlessness and to die in the most nauseating circumstances.

Few people, apparently, knew of the awful conditions which surrounded him before he died. But somehow word reached the Bath police, with the result that Sergeant Purnell paid a visit to the Twerton tenement.

Help too late

He was destined to discover a wasted, ill-nourished, ill-clad travesty of humanity, whose garments were rotting with filth and age. He had the wretched man removed by ambulance forthwith.

Lambert was taken to the Bath Infirmary, where a doctor certified him to be in an advanced stage of imbecility.

The tragedy of the matter was that nothing could now save him, and the poor fellow died within four days of his arrival at the institution.

Who was the person responsible for his shocking condition, and what punishment was to be meted out in consequence? Many of the inhabitants of Bath, appalled at the tragedy, naturally asked this.

Councillor A. E. Cook, in fact, raised the matter in debate at a recent meeting of the Bath Corporation Health Committee.

After recounting the details of the case, he said that he was disgusted that the condition of Lambert was not found out until too late.

He added that, in his opinion, Police-Sergeant Purnell ought to be commended on the action he had taken, and that it was the duty of the corporation to see that every blind person in the city was in future visited regularly.

In investigating this matter, we were granted an interview by Councillor Cook, who raised some very interesting points relating to the Blind Persons Act.

As these points are by no means confined to Bath alone, but are of importance to the whole country, we present them here, and urge the Minister of Health to give them the consideration they deserve.

No provision is made under the existing Blind Persons Act to enable the police to take proceedings against any persons guilty of neglecting any blind man or woman under their care.

In other words, a blind man, no matter how sadly afflicted or how helpless he may be, is regarded in the eyes of the law as being fully capable of looking after himself.

Yet, under the Children's Act, if a parent or guardian neglects a child, proceedings can be taken by the police at once and adequate punishment ensured for the offenders.

Commendable suggestion

The suggestion of Councillor Cook in this respect is one which fully commends itself to us, and will, we think, be sponsored by all who are interested in the welfare of those unable to fend for themselves.

"Introduce into the Blind Persons Act," says Councillor Cook, "a clause which will put neglectful guardians of blind people on a similar footing to that of those who neglect little children. Then, and only then, can suitable punishment be inflicted in such cases."

Captain C. T. Foxcroft, M.P. for Bath, whose attention we direct to this matter

Steps should be taken by all councils and boroughs to see that blind people in their areas are regularly visited. And, when it is deemed desirable, sufferers should be removed to better surroundings.

Complications arise, however, in the fact that many sufferers of Lambert's type show a marked aversion to entering any official institution.

Once they have been prevailed upon to move, though, they invariably realise the great benefits there afforded them.

Certain amendments, therefore, are clearly desirable in the Blind Persons Act, which, as it now stands, does not offer the fullest protection that such afflicted souls deserve.

Mystic *Mummified Hand*

Who is Mr. Adams?

A LITTLE publicity has just been achieved by a gentleman named Arthur Adams, of Victoria Street, London, on the strength of his ownership of a mystic relic said to be 4,000 years old.

This relic takes the form of a mummified hand, to which are attributed some remarkable properties.

Mr. Adams "came across" the mystic hand when travelling in Egypt, apparently, and bought it from a wealthy Egyptian for £50.

Remarkable claims

The latter gentleman is said to have discovered the hand in one of the ancient tombs of Thebes, the valley of the kings, and when found it was enclosed in a casket that was valued at approximately £25,000.

We are not so much concerned about this romantic tale as with the statement that the mummified hand possesses remarkable powers of healing.

It has been asserted that a case of almost total blindness has just been cured, and that Mr. Adams has in his possession hundreds of letters of appreciation from people who have been cured of other minor ailments.

Various ventures

Such a statement is likely to raise false hopes in the hearts of many stricken people, and the last thing we would wish to see would be a pilgrimage of sufferers calling upon Mr. Adams to touch his mystic hand.

For Mr. Arthur Adams is none other than Adam Arthur, also known to our readers as "Arthur Hillcoats" and "Arthur Heathcote," or by the familiar designation of "Sandy McNab."

The various ventures which have claimed the attention of this extraordinary personage need not be enumerated here.

Suffice it to say that he has had an extremely chequered career and should be viewed with distrust when he blossoms forth with sensational claims of the naturo outlined above.

The Tombstone Twister

Widow Cruelly *Wronged*

A WIDOW residing in Sheffield was recently bereft of her only son, who, since the loss of her husband, had been the bread-winner for the household.

Shortly after his death the widow was visited by a Mr. George Gibson, who tendered sincere expressions of sympathy.

He had known her son personally, he explained, and he felt that he must call to put forward a little suggestion.

Doubtless the mother intended to erect some lasting memorial to her dear departed boy, and nothing would please him better than to use his influence with a firm of masons to secure a really fine memorial at a special price.

Need not worry

Mr. Gibson spoke most feelingly, and the widow thanked him warmly for his kindness and consideration.

When the question of prices was raised, Mr. Gibson assured the widow that she need not worry about that.

It would only be necessary for him to pay a small deposit on placing the order, and when the lady handed him £4 he assured her that would be quite adequate.

Thereafter he collected the cash from the widow in instalments, keeping her posted as to the progress being made with the work.

Heartless scoundrel

Then, when £33 5s. had been paid, Gibson declared that the memorial was completed. He was arranging for it to be erected over the grave as early as possible.

That was Gibson's last visit. The widow waited in vain, and when she sought her son's grave she found it innocent of any monumental tribute.

Broken-hearted, she visited the local police to learn that she had been duped by a heartless scoundrel.

Gibson is an unconscionable rogue, whose real name is William Cartwright. As he seems to favour the North of England, we trust that readers in those parts will keep a watchful eye open for him.

The Captain's Curious

WANGLE in WINE

Bang Goes a Club!

TOWARDS the close of last year a Blackheath reader answered an advertisement and got into touch with a person named Capt in W. H. Gouldstone, of Fenchurch Street, London.

The latter explained that he was forming an institution that was to be known as the City United Services' Club, and offered the Blackheath gentleman the post of assistant-secretary, which he accepted.

The applicant's wife provided funds for the scheme to the extent of £50.

The scheme for the City United Services' Club so appealed to this lady, in fact, that she also invested £50 on behalf of her son, who was to receive a share of the profits.

Captain Gouldstone then put up the suggestion that he should teach the son the wine and spirit trade, and as the youth was not in the best of health and she was anxious to find him a post, the lady fell in with this suggestion and advanced £45 towards furnishing an office. This amount was covered by a bill.

Inspiring confidence

The affable captain next propounded a scheme whereunder the mother should put £200 into the wine and spirit business.

He inspired confidence by producing pension papers and stating that it was his intention to commute his pension for a lump sum of £2,200.

The lady raised a loan of £200 on the deeds of her home, and on that same day she paid Gouldstone £25 which he required to obtain an option upon the premises for his proposed club.

Then came a shock in the form of an article in JOHN BULL criticising Captain Gouldstone in connection with a previous employment-with-investment transaction.

Gouldstone, however, backed up by a solicitor named Ptolemy W. Pardy, declared that there was no truth in the article, and later gave his assurance that he intended to take action against JOHN BULL.

His consummate acting completely bamboozled the investor, and she foolishly consented to transfer £150 to an account to be opened by her son for the wine and spirit business.

Amazing discovery

On March 25 the bill covering the £45 investment fell due, but the captain asked the lady to hold it up for a few days as he was being pressed in other quarters.

This aroused doubts again, and on the following day the lady put a query through to the bank on which the bill was drawn, to discover to her amazement that the captain's account was closed!

Meanwhile the experience of the husband had not been very fortunate. For three weeks he had been paid a salary of £3 10s., which, for four weeks after that, dropped to a "retaining fee" of £1 and then stopped altogether.

Captain Gouldstone, however, was invariably affable. When the lady, acting on her solicitor's advice, asked for another bill, he readily gave her one, little knowing that she had already discovered about his banking account.

This second bill shared a similar fate, however, the bankers reasserting that the captain's account was closed.

Lt.-Col. Hugh Turnbull, Chief of the City Police, whose duty it is to see that this man's escapades are stopped

Thereafter nothing more was seen of Gouldstone, but early in June he wrote from Boulogne to the effect that he would be in London soon and would "effect a general arrangement" concerning the family's affairs.

Perhaps when he returns he will also offer some explanation of his conduct regarding another lady investor whose case has come to our notice.

Partnership ended

This lady also got into touch with Gouldstone through an advertisement, and in January last she put £250 into a business known as Gould & Co., which was to operate as wine, spirit and cigar merchants.

Unfortunately for her, the account could be drawn upon either by Gouldstone or herself, and it is interesting to note that the same solicitor, Mr. Ptolemy W. Pardy, drew up the deed of partnership. He has since been struck off the rolls for professional misconduct!

The captain drew out several substantial amounts in the first few weeks, which were ostensibly to be devoted to business expenses.

Finally, the lady grew suspicious and decided to draw out the balance of her money, which had dwindled in a few weeks to £58! Thus ended another "partnership."

Before his departure Captain Gouldstone lodged for a time in Ilford, where he left behind a number of unpaid bills. Several county court judgments have been registered against him in the past, and in 1925 he was adjudicated bankrupt, with liabilities in the region of £1,500.

Complaints have also reached the police in more than one quarter, and we trust that the foregoing facts will enable the authorities to make a special effort to bring this crafty captain to book.

A Tricky

FRAUD on WHEEL

—and No Rainy Days for Mac!

SOME months ago, an East End merchant undertook certain work for a firm known as F. W. Macdonald and Co., of Upper Ground Street, Blackfriars, S.E., and for several weeks was kept quite busily employed, carrying loads to places as far afield as Kent and Wiltshire.

Ultimately, when the bill for his labours amounted to £87 odd, the merchant was perturbed to find that F. W. Macdonald and Co. showed no inclination to pay up.

A few enquiries proved anything but reassuring, for it appeared that several other creditors were also anxiously waiting for their money.

The firm's omission was all the more reprehensible because it was known to have drawn cash in respect of each transaction.

Broken promises

Some time elapsed and then, when the merchant called to ask for an explanation, he found the Blackfriars office closed, and the landlord clamouring for his rent!

Now, the leading light behind the vanished firm is a person named Frederick William Henry Augustus Macdonald.

He was eventually traced by a firm of solicitors, who extracted a promise of payment from Macdonald, and an address at which he could be found.

As the promise was not fulfilled, a writ was issued, but Macdonald did not even trouble to attend the court, and the judgment obtained against him proved of no avail.

The address he had given turned out to be that of the garage of an erstwhile business acquaintance, and to this day the account has never been settled.

On looking into Macdonald's career we find that debts hold no novelty for him, as there are quite a number of accounts outstanding against him.

An engineering company in the Commercial Road, for instance, also undertook work for him, and all subsequent efforts to enforce payment of a debt of nearly £18 have proved abortive.

Threadbare excuse

A Greenwich firm has been pressing for payment of a similar amount since June of last year, while a Limehouse firm is involved to the extent of £8 10s.

A good illustration of Macdonald's very questionable methods is afforded by the experience of a Shoreditch contractor, whose lorry he hired on two fairly recent occasions for haulage journeys to Plymouth and Southampton.

Macdonald airily agreed to pay the contractor at the rate of £2 2s. per ton for the first load, and at £1 3s. for the second, making a total of £58 6s.

When the time came for p however, Macdonald favoure tactics and sat tight.

When pressed he merely of excuse that he had only been odd for both transactions, was well aware of the an would receive before making promises to the contractor, of this excuse is readily app

In any case, he has not bo pay his dupe a single penny.

Hopelessly insolvent

Although the registratio late business was effected in 1927, we are able to trace his in the transport world a g further back, for they have over a longish period, to fortune of those with whom done business.

Towards the close of 1925, he promoted a concern k J. W. Smith and Co. (Londo with a nominal capital of £ the avowed object of car the business of haulage c formerly known as Macdo Co.

Here, again, his genius fo ring debts displayed itself, a enjoying a brief existence months, the company was w by the order of Mr. Justice its affairs placed in the han Official Receiver.

The bankruptcy proceedi closed the fact that the busin Macdonald had sold to the had been heavily in debt a lessly insolvent at the tim incorporation.

Forlorn communication

And the examination liabilities of £1,300, against v only assets that could be amounted to £30.

It was remarked that th of the company was attribu gross mismanagement, that accounts had been prepared, the losses additional to thos existing need not have occu

A further search at Somers tells us that Macdonald profit by the lesson, for in Se 1927, he presented and Ray Donald and Company, a nominal capital of £100, object of carrying on as hau tractors from 7, Upper Groun S.E.

The subscribed capital £2, and Macdonald's co washed his hands of the pr at the end of the first month

As already mentioned, M has now vacated the abov where a number of urgent await him in vain.

Not the least important, point of view of principle, is communication enclosing t lady's bill for 21s.!

BURIED *Bunkum*

A *Sacambaya* Set-back

S far back as February last, we warned our readers against investing in the Sacambaya loration Company, Ltd., a com- y formed by Dr. Edgar Sanders financing an expedition to Bolivia earch of buried treasure.

'e trust that we were thus in- mental in saving a large number of ple from investing in what we ned at the time "a fantastic ible."

ut there were others who risked r money, and doubtless the latter p were thrilled by the recent ial report in the Press.

his was a long communication n the expedition's correspondent acambaya to say that Dr. Sanders his dauntless band were hard at k, and had located what they elieved" to be the dome of a sure chamber, containing, "if es are realised," gold, silver, and monds to the value of £12,000,000. any intending investor who was erred by our warning feels dis- ointed now that the above en- raging statement has been lished, we hasten to assure him he has no occasion for regret.

king confirmation

he opinion expressed by JOHN L five months ago has now re- ed striking confirmation from the lvian authorities.

n official report has been cir- ted in order "to prevent specu- on which could affect the good e of Bolivia."

eferring to the Sacambaya expedi- , this same report runs: "The lts, it is expected, will be com- ely negative, because the hidden ure never existed, save in the gination of individuals either rant or suffering from hallucina- ."

alual le light is also thrown upon matter by the Rector of the it Order in La Paz, the com- cial capital of Bolivia, who might be presumed to know something he history of the Jesuits, who, rding to the story circulated by Sanders, secreted the treasure.

ted asy

a statement made to the lvian Press, the Rector points out the Jesuits were exiled from the ntry in 1767, and not in 1778, and they had no time to get together thing, as they were ordered to e within twenty-four hours.

"For that reason," he writes, ey could not have secreted and led up any treasure, even if they essed it—which they did not."

dd to this the fact that the lvian authorities also scout the tence of any Jesuit hoard as "a tasy, lacking rational basis or torical foundation," and the imism of the Sacambaya expedi- becomes manifest.

nd when they ask investors at e to share that optimism they ch the limits of impudence.

Another SCALP *for* SCOTLAND YARD!

Greene Among the Greenhorns

ABOUT a year ago an alluring offer of shares was made by a concern called Industrial Business Promotions, of Ansdell Street, London, S.W.

The principal person concerned with the destinies of Industrial Business Promotions is one Edgar Stanley Gordon Greene, who has described himself in certain official documents submitted to Somerset House as a "gentleman of no occupation."

From what we are about to disclose it will be seen that a more apt description of Mr. Greene might have been "a gentleman of no reputable occupation."

However, the circular in question spoke very highly of a newly formed company known as Partons (Kensington), Ltd., which had been established to acquire and extend the business of F. E. Parton and Co., reputable silk and fancy goods manufacturers of Kensington, London, W.

Impudent offer

The customers of Messrs. Parton's, the circulars declared, "comprise practically every retail drapery house of repute in the United Kingdom requiring the class of goods which the firm supplies and which are eagerly sought for on account of the quality, design, finish and workmanship of such goods."

Financial experts, accustomed to read between the lines of such circulars, were not at all impressed by this offer, though many would-be investors unfortunately were.

One well-known financial adviser, for instance, regarded the Industrial Business Promotions offer as "singularly impudent."

He pointed out that no clear indication was given in the printed matter regarding "past trading accounts or of the real financial position of the business when it was transferred to the company."

Stinging condemnation

He added, also, that Mr. Greene, of the "pushing" Industrial Business Promotions, was likewise the promoter of Parton's (Ken: ngton), Ltd., and, in a third capacity, was one of the company's vendors, receiving £3,000 out of the total purchase-price of £5,500, payable by shares.

Another financial expert referred to some of the statements made in the offer as "ambiguous," condemned the whole thing as "dubious," and came to the conclusion that the offer had emanated from "practitioners in the underworld of finance."

Apart from issuing the booming circulars of Industrial Business Promotions, Mr. Greene went a step further in his endeavours to induce people to subscribe money for his scheme.

He wrote personally to various prospective investors stating that he had no hesitation in recommending the shares as a very sound investment.

"I beg to say," wrote Mr. Greene, "that I should not have consented to join the board of directorate had I not thoroughly satisfied myself that the business was a genuine one with large possibilities of expansion."

Needless to say, this glowing testimonial went down very well in certain quarters, and numerous people parted with money. One is a gentleman residing in far-away Fife, who, impressed by the offer, sent £105 for shares in the new company.

Later, he began to fear that the proposition was not all it had been

Colonel E. Satterthwaite, C.B., Secretary of the London Stock Exchange, which is frequently advising people to have nothing to do with dubious shares

painted, and entered into a lengthy correspondence with Mr. Greene in an endeavour to obtain vital information regarding the true position.

Hopeless position

A variety of excuses were put forward by Mr. Greene, but nothing tangible materialised so far as the anxious investor was concerned. The position is now hopeless, as recent letters addressed to Greene personally or to Industrial Business Promotions have been entirely ignored!

Several things, however, are quite clear. In the first place, no return has yet been made to the shareholders.

In the second place, Mr. Greene has now severed his connection with the scheme in which, when people were being urged to invest, he played such an important part.

The last letter from his pen is dismal indeed. Displaying none of the confident optimism which characterised his earlier letters, Mr. Greene now declares that the only course remaining is for the company to go into liquidation.

Surely this is an impudent change of front for a man who formerly inspired confidence by writing that he had personally satisfied himself that the scheme was genuine and possessing large possibilities of expansion!

The truth is that he is a notorious financier who has been associated with dubious share and "debenture" issues for years.

He was closely concerned with the Building Industries Association, which unloaded all kinds of trashy stock upon ignorant investors in various parts of the country.

Another of his interests lies in a venture known as the North Calstock Brickworks, which has so far done nothing but obtain cash from its shareholders on the strength of promises that have never materialised.

Other ventures

We may also mention the New Delabole Slate Quarries, the Fiji Cocoanut and Banana Estates, the Greenhithe Brickworks, Martins Oilfields of Madagascar and the Majunga Oilfields. Greene has been associated with all the above ventures and all are flat-traps of the worst type.

But investigation into his recent activities reveals the fact that he has not restricted himself solely to company ramps.

He left Ansdell Street some time ago, and has since operated from Chandos House, Victoria Street, whilst in his leisure moments he has lived in great style at a pleasant house called Galveston Lodge, in Putney.

Mr. Greene has latterly made quite a habit of ordering various kinds of goods on credit, and in this connection he has created a good impression by utilising notepaper setting forth the names of all the above companies in a manner which suggests that they are flourishing concerns.

Several wine merchants, for instance, have been favoured with orders for wines and spirits from Mr. Greene, who, as "chairman" or "trustee" of so many companies, seemed to them to be above reproach.

Yet, once the goods have been delivered, in many cases they have heard no more from their distinguished customer.

His impudent bluff has not always succeeded, however. Recently he wrote through his secretary to a well-known firm of provision merchants.

All his company qualifications were set forth as indicated above, and the letter requested the firm to send a case of well-matured Scotch whisky, ten years old, to a friend at Chiswick, with a card saying that it was sent with Mr. Greene's compliments.

Curb him!

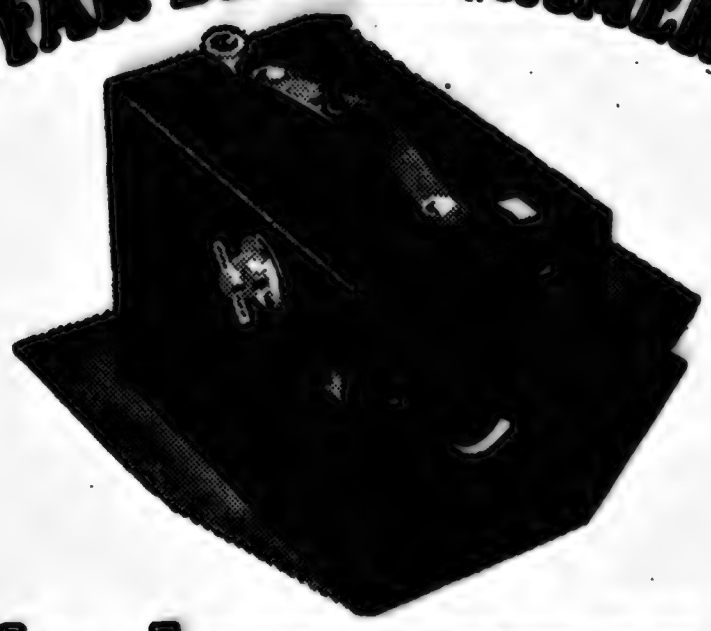
The invoice was sent, but as no reply was forthcoming the firm wisely refrained from despatching the whisky.

Amongst those who have been less prudent are at least two furnishing firms which supplied furniture to Greene and cannot get their money.

In addition to the above facts, we are able to state that Greene is also an undischarged bankrupt.

We therefore suggest to the police that they should take steps to see that Greene's impudent activities are effectively curbed.

A FAR BETTER CAMERA



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ONE DAMN *STING* *after* ANOTHER

by The Rt. Hon. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.

A HUNDRED years ago, the great William Pitt said a very wise thing about indirect taxation. He said:

"There is a way in which you can tax the last rag from the back and the last bite from the mouth without causing a murmur about heavy taxation. And that is to tax a large number of articles in daily use. The tax will pass into the price of the article; the people will grumble about high prices and hard times; but they will never know that the high prices are caused by heavy taxation."

Ever since then Governments have acted on that principle. To-day, not one person in a hundred thousand knows how heavily he is taxed by the Government. He pays taxes on a hundred articles he buys, and he is quite unconscious that a considerable part of the price he pays is taxation.

When an addition to the tobacco-tax is made, and he finds he is charged a penny more for his tobacco, he grumbles for a day or two, and then forgets all about the tax, and at the next election votes for the Party which put the tax upon him!

Last year a sum of £251,000,000 was raised from indirect taxation. *This represents £28 a year for each family in the country, or over 10s. a week.*

Bluffing the taxpayer

Now, suppose that, instead of paying this taxation in the prices of the articles you buy, it was levied upon you in the form of a direct tax.

Suppose, instead of paying the taxes on your tea, sugar, cocoa, tobacco, drink, and a few scores of other articles, the tax-gatherer called at your home every Saturday, like the rent-collector, and demanded 10s. for Government taxes, you would begin to sit up and take notice.

But you are paying the taxes just as surely as if that were the way you paid them. This system of indirect taxation is a clever device for hoodwinking the taxpayers. And it is a sure and certain means of taxing the poor altogether out of proportion to their capacity, and of letting the rich escape their fair burden of taxation.

I am going to try to bring home to you, in a homely way, some idea of how you are taxed without knowing it.

When you get up in the morning you first light the gas. The gas-mantle is taxed. You put on your clothes; the buttons are taxed 33 per cent. The wash-basin, and the water ewer, and the soap basin are taxed 50 per cent. You shave with a safety-razor which has been taxed 33 per cent. You wipe the razor with taxed paper.

Your wife has got up to prepare the breakfast. The kettle in which she boils the water is now taxed 25 per cent. If she is frying you some bacon, the frying-pan, if of enamelled hollow ware, is taxed 25 per cent.

No way of escape

You have on your breakfast-table, basins, cups and saucers, and plates and sugar-basin, all taxed up to 50 per cent. The teapot, if of earthenware, bears a similar tax. Your tea and sugar are taxed.

If you prefer coffee or cocoa, you cannot escape the tax-gatherers. These, too, are taxed. If you are an adherent of the New Health cult, and don't take bacon, but stick to raisins, figs or plums, these also make you contribute to the national revenue.

After breakfast you have a smoke. Four out of every five puffs are for the Chancellor of the Exchequer; one is for yourself. The match with which you light your pipe is taxed. You cannot escape the match-tax any longer by using a mechanical lighter. Mr. Churchill has seen to that, and has put a sixpenny tax on these devices.

You take a motor-'bus to your work. The vehicle in which you travel pays innumerable taxes, or rather it is you who pay the taxes on the price of your ticket.

The mechanical part of the 'bus is taxed 33 per cent.; the tyres are similarly taxed; the petrol is taxed to provide the revenue to relieve prosperous and unprosperous industries of three-quarters of their rates.

Paying through the nose

During the day your wife goes out shopping. She calls at the grocer's and buys sugar, tea, coffee, cocoa, currants, raisins, dried fruits, matches, a tin of syrup—all and each are taxed. The grocer makes up these articles in a paper parcel, and the wrapping-paper is taxed 33 per cent.

She goes to the draper. She wants a pair of cheap lace curtains; these are taxed 33 per cent. She buys some ribbon to trim a hat; this is taxed 33 per cent. Maybe she buys a pair of artificial silk stockings; taxed again 33 per cent. If she wants a little cotton-lace embroidery, she gets it by paying 33 per cent. duty. If she buys a few buttons to replace those lost buttons on Tommy's trousers she is again taxed 33 per cent.

When she gets home she uses a pair of scissors to cut the string of the parcels, and she is not aware that she is using taxed scissors. She looks up at the clock to see if it is time to be getting the meal ready, and a 33 per cent. taxed clock gives her the information.

You take your tea, as you took your breakfast, on taxed foods, using taxed crockery and taxed knives.

After tea you turn on the wireless set. Still you cannot escape the tax-gatherer. Your wireless valves, rectifiers and vacuum-tubes have all paid duties. If you have a gramophone, or any other "musical instrument capable of reproducing music," that, too, has contributed to the national revenue by a duty of 33 per cent. on its original value.

Women sufferers

Or perhaps you turn to the evening paper. If so, if your eye-sight has failed you and you need glasses, you are taxed again for using "optical glass."

If you take a night off for the "pictures," with the wife and children, and you are so extravagant as to go into the sevenpenny seats, you are taxed again. The films are also taxed. Or if you remain at home and have a game at whist, your playing-cards have paid 3d. a pack in excise duty.

If you keep a dog, the tax-gatherer is after you, and demands 7s. 6d. a year.

If you are not feeling quite up to the mark, and you take a few of your favourite pills before going to bed, you take them from a bottle or box, on which you will find a revenue stamp indicating that you have paid 3d. in the shilling duty.

If you are well enough off to have a motor "bike" or a "baby seven," you make a further substantial contribution to the national revenue. Your machine is taxed, your tyres are taxed, your petrol is taxed, and you are taxed. The gloves you wear are taxed 33 per cent. But in that respect you are on a footing with your wife, whose kid and fabric gloves are all similarly taxed.

In many respects the women are more heavily taxed than the men. Every article of apparel, made even partly of silk or artificial silk, is heavily taxed.

And the children do not escape. Their

The Rt. Hon. Philip Snowden, M.P.

mechanical toys are taxed; their pet dolls are taxed; their Jews' harps are taxed.

We do not escape taxation in the grave. The simple embroidery on the shroud is taxed. In fact, the following lines written in the reign of George III. are about as true to-day as when they were written:

> "Taxed to the bone, thy loving subjects see,
> But still supposed when dead from taxes free;
> Now to complete, Great George, thy glorious reign,
> Excised to death, we're then excised again."

Alarming list

I have by no means exhausted the whole list of taxes you have to pay. If you are not a teetotaller you "get it in the neck." You pay 4d. a pint in duty on your beer, and 4s. 6d. a gill on your whisky, calculated at proof spirit rates.

If you are in business as a house-agent, an auctioneer, a hawker, a pawnbroker, a plate-dealer, a refreshment-house keeper, a game dealer, or a table-water manufacturer, you must pay a licence to carry on your business. If you carry a gun you must contribute to the taxation.

Did you know that when you take a meal in a railway refreshment-car you are paying a tax to the Exchequer for the privilege of doing so?

A considerable number of the duties and taxes I have mentioned have been imposed in the last four years.

Previously existing taxes have been increased, or new taxes imposed, on the following articles: hops, wines, tobacco, matches, mechanical lighters, silk, artificial silk, cotton lace, embroidery, films, clocks, watches, pianos, all musical instruments, motor-cars, motor-cycles, tyres, petrol, turpentine, knives, carving-forks, razors, scissors, shears, gloves, buttons, wrapping paper, toilet paper, enamelled iron ware, gas-mantles, batting, microscopes, field-glasses, optical glass, barometers, thermometers, arc-lamp carbons, chemicals, gloves, and other articles too numerous to mention.

Time to wake up!

And the advocates of this vicious system of taxation are by no means satisfied. They have demanded duties on pins, fasteners, grave-stones, linen, worsted goods. For the present their demands have not been satisfied, but if the public remains as indifferent as it is to this policy of taxing consumption there is no knowing how far the imposition will go.

Don't you think it is about time you woke up and transformed this terrific burden of indirect taxation into direct taxation, placed on the backs of those who can afford to bear it?

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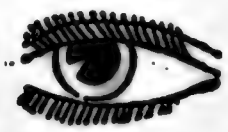
SEE EYE TO EYE WITH YOU



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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
Buckingham Palace, S.W.

YOUR MAJESTY,—In your letter to the National Baby Week Council, whose chief concern is the prevention of maternal mortality, you stress the dignity of motherhood and the value to the State of child life. The home life of the Royal Family is a pattern to the nation, and in this respect even His Majesty the King is proud to acknowledge your supreme sovereignty. Many whose "faces are yet pressed against the bars of time" will assuredly bless your name. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,
10, Downing Street, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—If the wisdom of your legislation is to be estimated from the fact that lads of eighteen and nineteen who are out of work are now expected to subsist on 10s. per week, and, even worse, that girls under like conditions are allowed only 8s., you are self-condemned. At the best, they merely become an extra burden on already over-weighted parents. At the worst, the lads are driven to crime and the lasses to the streets. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.,
Minister of Health.

DEAR SIR,—Your astonishment that owners may charge higher rents for factories as a result of the rate-relief scheme is a bit of bluff that deceives nobody. I warned you beforehand what would happen. With eyes wide open and tongue in cheek, the Government has given a sop to landlords as a vote-catcher. Incidentally, it is the most flagrant bit of class legislation the century has seen. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Major G. C. TRYON, M.P.,
Minister of Pensions.

DEAR SIR,—I suggest that the custom of giving men over sixty-five, who are in receipt of a State pension, a different coloured insurance card should be discontinued, since it affords unscrupulous employers an opportunity of recognising the fact at a glance, on which they decline to give the applicant work except at reduced rates, however active and skilful he may be. After all, the old-age pension was instituted for the benefit of the men, not the masters. JOHN BULL.

To Rt. Hon. Sir W. MITCHELL-THOMSON, M.P.,
Postmaster-General.

DEAR SIR,—I agree with the Old Bailey Recorder that nothing can excuse a postman who robs the public mail, yet the fact that the wage of the man in question had been reduced by 10s. owing to a physical disability, though he still performed, and was expected to perform, the same work, is a scandal. Salary should be an equitable return for labour done. JOHN BULL.

To the LORD BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK,
Bishop's House, Kennington, S.E.

MY LORD,—Your emphasis upon bad housing as a prime cause of unnecessary motherhood mortality cannot be too widely insisted upon. That any expectant mother has to live and sleep in one room with four or five other people is intolerable. The nation guilty of perpetuating such a state of affairs is condoning murder—naked and literal murder. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. C. C. MORRISON,
Editor of "The Christian Century," New York.

DEAR SIR,—You are a doubly welcome visitor, since it was through your agency that the American plans for the renunciation of war were formulated. You are an able messenger of peace and will find the way prepared for you. There are more friends of world peace in this country than find adequate voice. But they will presently make themselves heard to some purpose. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. A. SALTER, M.P.,
Storks Road, S.E.

DEAR SIR,—At the opening of the Nightingale House Open-air School, you expressed regret that there were not more of these much-needed institutions throughout the land. Were the number increased, there would soon be no need to build special schools for consumptive children, you opine; too logical a contention, I fear, to appeal to our out-of-date educational authorities. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. INGLEBY ODDIE,
Westminster Coroner.

DEAR SIR,—Your blunt statement that it is possible for people to be "tucked away under ground" practically full of arsenic without discovery should do much to arouse the public to a realisation of the appalling truth. I repeat what I have so often urged before, that in no circumstances should a doctor be allowed to issue a death certificate without first examining the body. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. COLIN PATERSON,
Cullum Street, London, E.C.

DEAR SIR,—When you imported some paint, the Customs demanded a deposit of £40 on eighty gallons. This was paid last March and not until now is it found that the whole amount payable is 12s.! Such a locking-up of capital from the legitimate purposes of trade is intolerable. Doesn't it show up the mess into which our tariff-tinkerers have landed us? JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. W. H. ADAMSON,
National Party Labour Executive.

DEAR MADAM,—So strong is your claim for universal family allowances, and so indisputable the contention that no baby should be permitted to go short of life's necessaries, that I regret you deemed it necessary to support your argument by a sneer at the Queen and the Duchess of York. None should be allowed to squander wealth on riotous living whilst others starve, yet even extremists cannot accuse the Royal Family of such folly. JOHN BULL.

To DR. LAUN,
Giessen University.

DEAR SIR,—The change of faith which led you from the Army in 1914 to pacifist platforms to-day is a common road to those who shared the horrors of the last war. You do well to point out that while the League of Nations has the machinery for peace it needs a very active League of Christians to work it. The coming of German pastors to British pulpits is one good way of beginning. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. ARTHUR MEE,
Editor, "The Children's Newspaper."

DEAR SIR,—You marvel that super-educated Eton boys can chase a miserable, panic-stricken hare for hours of frantic flight and baffled turnings until, spent, the poor exhausted thing is pounced upon and torn to shreds by a score of dogs, and call it a day's "sport." Surely, when it is pointed out to them, boys who revere the names of Raleigh, Drake, Livingstone and other great Englishmen will repudiate the orgies of mean cruelty, and allow the Eton College hare-hunts to fade into ignoble memory. JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. AMERY:—"I think there is no doubt about the acceptance of the Kellogg peace plan by this country."
There is no doubt. Why say "I think"?

* * *

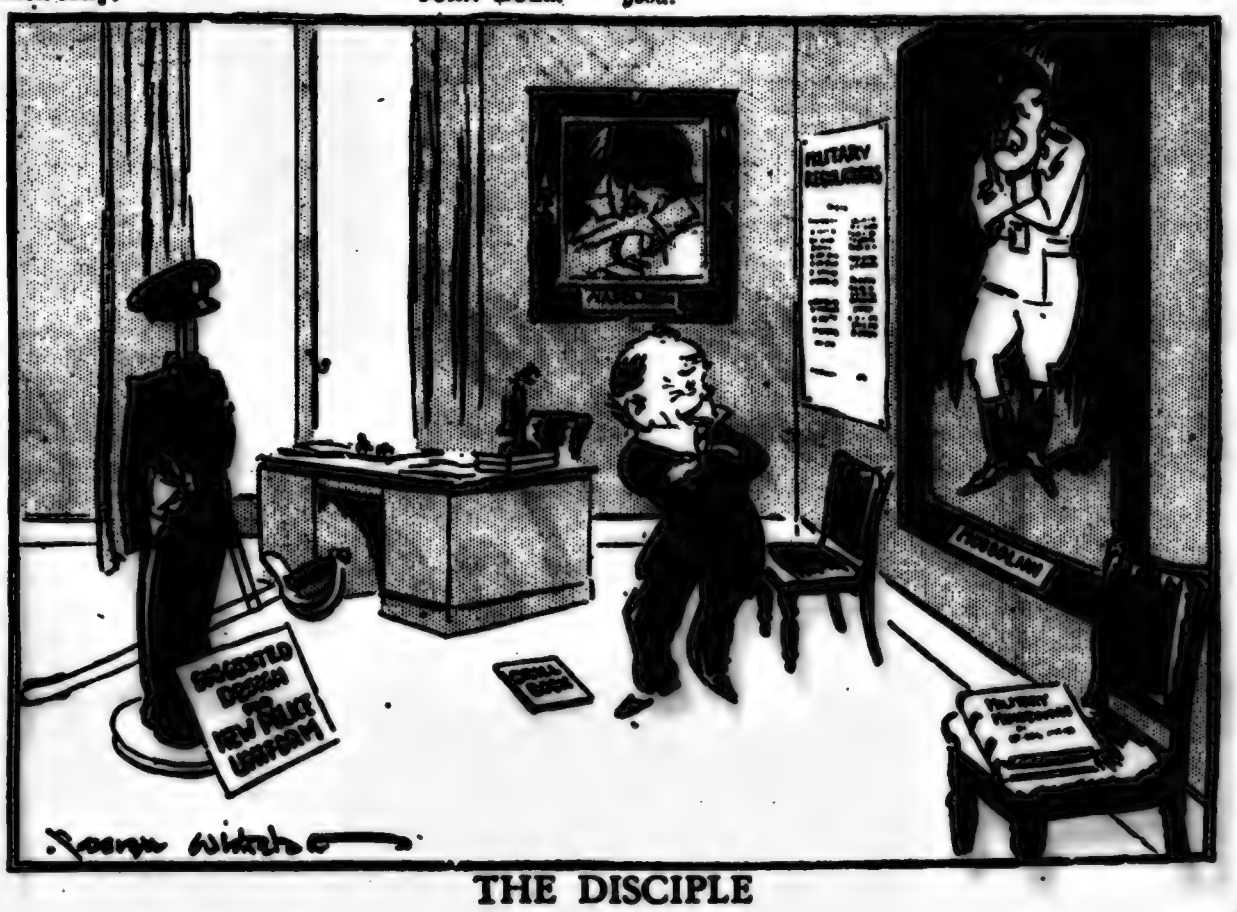
THE HON. VISCOUNT BEARSTED:—"Competition in the oil trade has shifted from production to distribution."
While profiteering in the oil trade remains exactly where it was.

* * *

MR. J. MAXTON:—"I find I have to stand a racket."
Which proves that British workers haven't lost their sanity yet.

* * *

MR. JUSTICE EVE:—"There is no Conservative Party now."
Capital. The sooner all Parties disappear the sooner we may expect to see men and women working together for good.



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B.D.C.407

The Truth About Things—by the Editor

A PLOT to Steal MILLIONS

Shocking Assurance Disclosures

BARRICADES FOR FRAUD

UNLESS the people of this country are very wide-awake, and take immediate steps to let the House of Commons know that they are wide-awake, the Government is about to perpetrate a monstrous scandal at their expense.

According to the Friendly Societies Act, the amounts which can be paid by industrial assurance companies and collecting societies on the death of any child under ten years of age are laid down in very definite terms.

It is a definite offence to issue policies for more than these specified amounts. For many years past nearly every company and society has been quietly evading the provisions of this Act, and millions of policies have been issued where the amounts payable at death exceed the limits allowed by law.

Until JOHN BULL commenced its campaign on behalf of victimised policyholders this flagrant illegality was continued without let or hindrance.

As a result of continual pressure, a prosecution took place a short time ago and the offenders were fined for issuing this particular type of policy. The policies were re-declared to be definitely illegal. It was understood that an appeal was to be lodged against this decision. The appeal has now been withdrawn.

HOWEVER unbelievable it may sound, it is none the less true that the companies are now taking every possible step to make legal these millions of illegal contracts. They have approached the Attorney-General, and we have very good grounds for stating that he has promised to introduce into the House of Commons a Bill to legalise what a court of law has definitely declared to be illegal!

Desperate efforts are being made to make this an "agreed measure," since Government support has been promised if this can be achieved.

If this is allowed to go forward we say without the least hesitation that it is one of the most outrageous scandals ever perpetrated by a British Government. The very fact that the Government has even deigned to listen to such a proposal deems it once and for all as the upholder of rich and powerful vested interests against the poor and helpless.

If this Bill is ever carried into effect it will not only prevent millions of poor people from securing money which has been illegally taken from them, but it will also securely safeguard the companies and societies from being prosecuted for their illegalities.

It will not be an agreed measure and it most certainly will not become law if every reader of "John Bull" takes the trouble to write to his Member of Parliament giving him clearly to understand that he supports it at his peril.

IF the law remains as at present laid down literally millions of pounds are recoverable for people whose policies have lapsed, and countless people will be able to claim the return of money which they have paid and are paying on such iniquitous contracts.

Meanwhile, we should very much like to know why representatives of the policyholders were not asked to interview the Attorney-General and his advisers on this matter, and how it comes about that the companies are able to pull strings behind the scenes in this manner in order to protect themselves.

If the readers of JOHN BULL do their duty and in their own interests write to their Members of Parliament about it we have no doubt at all that the House of Commons will for once be awakened to a real sense of duty.

Sir Thomas Inskip, K.C., M.P., Attorney-General

A CHALLENGE *to the Churches*

TO-DAY we throw down the gauntlet to the Churches of Great Britain. Or, more correctly, it is a handful of obscure men and women whose names are unknown to the general public who have already thrown it down.

Elsewhere in our pages Miss Mabel Horner tells the story of what happened at Hendon on the day of the great Air Force display.

As a pageantry of power, of conquest over the elements, and as an exhibition of human courage and achievement, that display was superb. We do not minimise it.

But it was pagan in conception and intent, and this country is not pagan. It is professedly Christian. There is a constant endeavour to bring social conditions and international relationships into line with that profession.

Whatever Government of the moment happens to be in power, that endeavour is reflected in legislature. Why then are the Churches *officially* silent when the nation is invited to approve and applaud terrific displays of that which is the very antithesis of Christianity? Why is the National Church dumb?

We make no objection to displays of air conquest as such. Time and progress are clocks which cannot be set back. But who except a Bedlamite conceives of the air as only available for bombing and poisoning, for burning and sacking and shattering cities?

It is possible to foreshadow great airways used for the comity of nations, for the furtherance of commerce, and to bind humanity together in unity of understanding and common endeavour.

This is the way of sanity as opposed to devilish cruelty and stupid insanity. And it is Christian.

It is the duty of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the President of the Free Church Council to go to Hendon to point this way. If they believe the faith they preach they will also feel it their glorious privilege.

STARVATION *NO DRAWBACK!*

The Illogic *of the* Ministerial Mind

PROCESSES of reasoning by which Cabinet Ministers arrive at their conclusions would form an interesting study for psychologists. Unfortunately these are not often opened for public scrutiny. On the contrary, they are usually carefully shielded by mystery.

The utterances of Ministers are cryptic, designed rather to side-track and obscure than make clear. It is therefore all the more refreshing when a member of the Government decides to take his audience into his confidence and explains exactly what is passing in his own mind.

The Minister of Labour, Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, did this most openly when addressing in London the Unionist Canvassing Corps. It is essential that if "the story is to be told" effectively, individual canvassers should all say the same thing!

This primary importance, so often neglected by workers at General Elections, was not overlooked by Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland. Nor did he, as many Parliamentary instructors are apt to do, minimise the difficulty canvassers would be up against.

There was, for instance, the trifling incident of unemployment, that some busybody would be sure to mention as one of the evils the Government had promised to remedy when returned to power.

What about it? Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, as Minister of Labour, was at no loss. He "always regarded the existence of our unemployment figures as a disadvantage, because they concentrated people's minds too much on the figure of unemployment as distinct from the number of people who were in work."

Dealing next with the figures, evidently still staring him uncomfortably in the face, Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland proceeded to blow them frothfully, this way and that, with as light-hearted a mien as a child wafting soap-bubbles.

There were people changing from one job to another, "birds of passage." There was "an increase of unemployment for July," *i.e.*, seasonal trades. In fact, he declared in round terms that these damning unemployment figures "do not mean that we have a large standing army of unemployed. It means that the number of people out of work over a long period is only small."

We refuse to believe that Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland is sincere in this kind of bluff. It would be as unreasonable as to expect a mother to believe that a couple of starving children did not matter so long as the other two or three were well fed.

We will not try to enlighten the Minister of Labour as to what unemployment really means. We invite him to send his canvassers into the steel and mining districts. We will then leave it to them to enlighten him.

COUGH-DROPS *for* CANCER

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

WHAT is the good of building great Empires if we cannot even create a happy and healthy community at home? How can we hope to perpetuate the one without producing the other?

Sir George Newman, K.C.B., M.D., Chief Medical Officer, Ministry of Health

I OFTEN wonder what a visitor from another planet would think if he suddenly found himself on this particular planet we call the earth.

Looking back over our recorded history and noting the terrific advances in what we choose to call "civilisation," he would naturally assume that everything possible was being done for the advancement of mankind.

He would naturally enough be prepared to learn that no pains were spared to see that from the moment of birth every human being had every possible chance of developing into healthy manhood and womanhood. He would be ready to learn that with every year human beings became finer and fitter.

What would he really find?

I have just been reading some reports of medical officers of health. Take, for instance, the latest report about Wimbledon—not by any means a slum district.

Terrible conditions

The sanitary inspector recorded that he was unable to report any improvement with respect to overcrowding. The conditions were, he said, if anything more unsatisfactory, and more houses which were formerly occupied by one family were now being let off to two, three and four families at exorbitant rents and with inadequate sanitary arrangements.

In one case a person suffering from tuberculosis was found to be occupying an underground room, the only means of ventilation being by a window which opened directly into a food shop.

In another case the basement of a shop formerly used as a store-room had been partitioned and made into two rooms, which were used as bedrooms. The walls were damp and the only natural lighting was by means of a small opening under the shop window. This part was occupied by two separate families.

There were several other almost similar cases where each house had been let out to several families, and in each case the basements had been let as distinct from other portions of the house.

Natural result

Fulham provides even worse instances. There a man, his wife and five children are living in one little back room. In a basement room there are eight people living. In another room, measuring exactly 8 ft. by 9 ft., a man and his wife and two children are living in the company of rats, mice, beetles, spiders and bugs.

During the recent flooding of the district the stormwater and sewage swept in to a height of 3 ft. In this same house the rats leave their footmarks even on the very cooking utensils the people have to use; while near by there is another rat-ridden house with holes in the walls through which the next house can be seen. In it live a man and his wife and their five children. Two of the children have serious lung complaints.

It is not to be wondered at if from such people we continue to breed a race ever decreasing in vitality, a race that is steadily becoming decadent.

Sir George Newman, Chief Medical Officer, of Health, tells us that in the elementary schools of England and Wales no fewer than a million children are either physically or mentally reported to be defective or so diseased as to be unable to derive reasonable benefit from the education provided for them by the State.

Out of every seven men of working age in this country one dies of tuberculosis, while it was recently estimated that something like 50,000 children of school age to-day are suffering from heart disease and that no fewer than 80 per cent. of the children attending our council schools are suffering or have suffered from rickets.

The tragic truth

"If," said a recent writer, "we could see the hundreds of huge buildings now devoted to the care of imbeciles, madmen and all suffering from diseases with hereditary tendency—if we could see them altogether covering acre after acre, stretching away for miles towards the horizon in every direction—we should be struck dumb with horror.

"But if instead we take a walk through Hyde Park on a bright Sunday afternoon and see apparently happy and healthy thousands on every side we should say all this about degeneration is obviously mere nonsense."

But it is not mere nonsense. It is the tragic truth. We seem to-day to be deliberately breeding for inefficiency. We seem to be deliberately aiming at the survival not of the fittest but of the unfit.

The whole might of the Legislature can be brought to bear to oppose a dog-racing Bill, or to foster a "tote" Bill. The wealth of the country can be poured out in millions to build a battleship or to erect a stupendously costly base at Singapore, but that the very stock from which future generations must spring is rotting and festering away moves our House of Commons not at all.

It is like giving cough-drops for cancer!

Greatest paradox

It is not merely that we permit the unfit, the defective and the diseased to breed indiscriminately and perpetuate their deficiencies and their diseases.

That in all conscience would be bad enough. But the real position is a thousand times worse. For we not only do this; we hasten through our incredible indifference the time when the fit of to-day will be the unfit of to-morrow.

We allow wages to be depressed and the once healthy and prosperous artisan to be crushed down into the slums where he steadily deteriorates, or else we deny him the work he is capable of doing and force him to emigrate, leaving behind him the weak and the unfit to carry on the race.

We spend millions on palliatives, and are met with the fiercest opposition if it is suggested that we spend one penny piece on prevention.

For what are all our great hospitals and our elaborate systems of national health insurance and panel doctors and the rest except puny efforts to repair the ravages of the slums and the poverty that we obstinately refuse to abolish.

We can build an Empire, but we cannot build a healthy and happy nation of our own citizens!

We could, of course, if once we made up our minds to see to it, and it is time indeed that we woke up, for unless we do it is not only the nation but the Empire itself that will crumble into irrevocable decay.

PARLIAMENT

Parliament is decaying. And the cause is that M.P.s are now only vote-recorders. The Party machine is killing sincerity

THE change the last few years has seen in the attitude of the man in the street towards the House of Commons is striking—and significant. At one time it was only the cynical few who would refer contemptuously to the Commons as the "gas House." Now the uncynical majority has followed suit.

Rt. Hon. Edward A. FitzRoy, the newly elected Speaker

At one time a Member of Parliament was looked up to with something like awe. The mere addition of the letters "M.P." after a very ordinary citizen's name transformed him overnight by the magic of the letters into something above the ordinary man.

Thenceforward he would be a sure draw at any meeting even if he were as uneloquent as a clam. He was regarded as being thence-forward a power in the land—one of our rulers, our governors.

To-day, the man in the street knows that the average Member of Parliament has little more voice in the Government of the country than has a lobby policeman; therefore, M.P.s have been reduced in his eyes to the size of very small potatoes. Where once he admired, he now scoffs.

The cause of the decay of Parliament is undoubtedly the passing of all power into the hands of the chosen few, the Executive. The impotence of the private Member has caused him in his turn to lose interest in the proceedings of the House, for, after all, an intelligent man desires to be something more than a mere voting-machine.

MORE than that, it has kept out of the House men of intellect and character who might seek election if, instead of being compelled to be cyphers, they were allowed to have a voice in influencing the conduct of affairs.

The level of intellect in the House needs a lift upwards, but until more consideration and freedom are given to the private Member, it is not likely to get it.

With things as they are, is it any wonder that the Legislative Chamber is usually a deadly dull hole, dotted here and there with a few bored-looking persons, who are supposed to represent the Commons of Britain?

What inducement is there for a Member to

The BIG BYNG BANG

by A. G. GARDINER

WHY has Lord Byng been appointed head of the London police? Why has he been sought for ten years? These are questions that need plain answers. No mysterious "stern call of duty" will satisfy

T is not possible for me to anticipate what explanation "Jix" will have to offer in the House of Commons this week when is called upon to defend the Byng appointnt. But that an explanation, and a very equate explanation, is required cannot be estioned.

"Jix" is a likeable and honest man; but is more than a little of a busybody. He has habit of running amuck, with something of e Fat Boy's desire to "make your flesh creep, um." He raises the maximum of dust on ery question he touches, and, as in the Arcos se, his promised revelations have a trick of appointing us.

In the present case he has created an air of ystery and suspicion in regard to a subject out which the public is naturally sensitive. is statement that Lord Byng has only accepted e position of Chief Commissioner of the Metroolitan Police in reply to "a very stern call of ty" has aroused the deepest disquiet.

If the phrase means anything, it means that ere is something very seriously wrong with r police force. If it does not mean that, it ght not to have been used. And I suspect at it is only another illustration of "Jix's" curable habit of sensationalism.

bscure ystery

What ground is there for pitchforking Lord yng to the throne of the London police? His cord is that of a competent soldier who fought rough the war and commanded one of the armies France. He won respect as a stout and stubborn mpaigner and a good disciplinarian of a traditonal and rather unimaginative school.

After the war he became Governor-General of nada, where he was personally popular, but here his action in refusing a Parliamentary issolution brought about a crisis which led to uch resentment in the Dominion.

There is nothing in this record which suggests that the Home Secretary was warranted in sending "a stern call of duty" to him to come and deliver the London police force from some real or imaginary peril.

And the circumstances in which the announcement was made only leave the mystery more obscure. It seems that the same "stern call" was made to him in 1920, and on that occasion declined. We are left wondering what are the peculiar reasons for this anxiety to make Lord Byng the chief of our police, who it is who has campaigned so zealously in that cause for ten years, and what purpose is in view.

Unshaken confidence

It is true that we have had the Savidge case, and that there have been other incidents in which certain members of the police force have come under criticism. But there has been nothing to warrant loss of confidence in the police force as a whole, nothing to suggest that the system is affected with widespread corruption.

There will always be "incidents," of course, especially in the West End, which is probably the most difficult place in the world to police. Men there are subject to temptations more severe than anywhere else, and since the police are the ordinary stuff of human nature, they are bound to include a certain portion of black sheep.

It is this fact that justifies the intense public concern which is aroused when there is any suggestion of wrongdoing on the part of the police. We are so dependent on this probity that any suspicion that they are untrustworthy affects us like a personal danger. "That thing," we say, "might have happened to us or to our daughters."

The disposition in these cases is not to take the side of the police. It is to suspect the police, and to involve the whole force in the odium of a single incident. This is often unjust, but it is

Lord Byng, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.

natural and in a way salutary; it keeps the force under constant challenge.

This public sensitiveness in regard to the police is the best guarantee of its behaviour. But it is important that it should not be overdone. If it is overdone, the police will lose their self-respect and their confidence in a square deal from the public.

The real crux

There will always be black sheep among them and they must be ruthlessly handled; but let us recognise the fact that we in this country have a police force that is the envy of the world.

I repeat that recent incidents, while calling for searching investigation, do not warrant panic or desperate remedies. If "Jix" has more to disclose than we know it may be necessary to revise this view. But as the matter stands I do not think we need call in the British Army to put things right.

And that brings me to the real crux of this business. Assuming that things are seriously wrong, of which at this moment we have no evidence, why is it necessary to bring in a British general to put them right? The police force is not a military force; it is a civil force. Its discipline is civil; its functions are civil..

Lord Byng's whole experience has been with the Army. It has been acquired largely abroad. He knows much less about the police force than I do or you do, and his military tradition, so far from qualifying him for the task, positively disqualifies him.

Is it suggested that the government of the police of the greatest city in the world is such a simple business that a stranger wholly innocent of the A.B.C. of the subject can be brought in from outside to direct it and reform it from top to bottom?

Astonishing suggestion

Is it suggested that there is no civilian competent for this civilian task, that there is no member of the constabulary in all the land capable of applying the experience of a lifetime to the case?

If this is so, which I do not believe, the fact is as lamentable as it is astonishing. It means that this great service is not attracting the type of men it ought to attract. And it is not attracting them for this reason—that the prizes of the profession are denied to those who enter the profession. They are kept for military men. All over the country they are preserved as "cushy" jobs for decayed officers.

The thing is a scandal. And it is as a protest against that scandal that the public indignation in regard to the Byng appointment is significant.

IT RED—*So are WE!*

by ARNOLD FREEMAN HOLT

ter the Chamber? Is it surprising that the House sometimes counted out and the sitting suspended cause not forty Members can be found? Why, if count were taken at any given moment of Members tually in the Chamber, the House would be unted out almost any day.

Simply because the Members know that, if they t a chance of speaking, their speeches are so uch wasted wind, even if they read well in the cal paper, for when a private Member speaks it usually to the local papers, to which the reports e sent, and not to Mr. Speaker that he speaks.

Often I have seen less than ten Members in the ouse, although there have been many more in e smoke-room. As Members know that they nnot influence the conduct of the nation's siness, they go off to look after their private sinesses or private pleasures, and who can ame them for it?

WHAT they ought to be blamed for is sitting quiet under a system which makes nonentis of the many and dictators of the few.

No more vitriolic commentary can be made on e average Member than the simple statement at he does not kick against the system which ndemns him to futility and a system which doubtedly he hates.

For, make no mistake about it, the average Member would like to take a more active part in the government of the country, but as he is not encouraged or even permitted to do so, he prefers to go about his own affairs all day and turn up at the House at eleven o'clock at night in time for the divisions, there to vote as the Whips tell him on a subject he may know nothing at all about.

THAT Members would take a greater interest in Parliament if they were free is proved by the two occasions on which they *were* temporarily freed. I was at the House on each occasion—the Prayer Book debate and the Savidge debate. On each occasion the House was packed, the Members excited, eager, *sincere*.

They spoke as they *felt*, they voted as they *believed*. Party discipline was forgotten.

I was there when unemployment, surely an equally important subject, was debated. The House was dead.

It was dead because it was no use being alive. Whatever the speeches, whatever the arguments, the end of the debate was to vote "as their leaders told them to."

Why not call off the Whips and let every Member speak sincerely and use the collective wisdom of all Parties, instead of accepting the orders of a minute section of one? In no other way can the rot be stopped.

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Mrs. C. W. W., Brightlingsea, Essex.
19th May, 1928.

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A SPRATT that LIVED ON FAT
—and an Awkward "John Bull" Article!

LAST week a very distinguished-looking personage of middle-age took up a dignified stance in the witness-box at the London Bankruptcy Court before Mr. Registrar Mellor, and faced the cross-questioning of Mr. Daniel Williams, the Official Receiver, with apparent unconcern.

The personage in question, Mr. Henry Thomas Spratt, has all the outward appearance of a successful man of the world, and, in fact, has sometimes passed as a millionaire.

But appearances are too often deceptive. It is true that Henry Thomas Spratt has dabbled in huge sums of money for years past, but the money has mostly belonged to other people.

For he is a Spratt who has caught many a mackerel, and certain of his escapades have been duly exposed in these columns.

Spratt was reminded of this latter fact by Mr. Daniel Williams, and the answers he gave to the Receiver's questions were decidedly illuminating.

Awkward questions

"Do you know that certain articles concerning your transactions have appeared in JOHN BULL?" he was asked, and was bound to reply in the affirmative.

"Are those articles very defamatory?" proceeded his examiner, and again Mr. Spratt was forced to answer "Yes."

"They charge you with all sorts of crooked transactions and fraud, and refer to your victims?" was the next query, and the casual reply which Spratt now volunteered was, "I believe so."

He was then asked whether he had ever taken any steps to fight the articles in JOHN BULL, and was forced to make the damning admission that he had done nothing!

He had very good reason for keeping silent at the time of our exposures, for he had already received more publicity than he cared about, and knew that further enquiry on our part would only unearth still greater revelations of his swindling career.

Our articles at that time dealt chiefly with a huge omnibus venture operated by Spratt in Belfast, where at least two of his victims were made bankrupt and many otherwise ruined.

Experienced crook

Now, however, the time is ripe for dealing with his activities in other spheres of "commerce."

Spratt, despite his outward polish, is an experienced crook, who first came under the notice of the police just prior to the war.

He had been negotiating with certain people regarding the sale of lorries to Messrs. Leven Brothers, Ltd., and in order to secure personal preference in the matter of commission, Mr. Spratt endeavoured to bribe a number of interested persons.

The latter very rightly reported the matter, and, as a result, Spratt was summoned at the West London Police Court under the Bribery and Secret Commissions Act.

Wisely, Mr. Spratt did not contest the evidence to be brought against him, and, pleading guilty, was fined £15, and costs, which he duly paid.

Some years passed, during which his activities, though not above sus-

Mr. Registrar Mellor

picion, were not such as actually merited intervention by the police.

But in 1923, after many dubious financial transactions, with which we shall deal later, Spratt was charged at Bow Street with obtaining credit without disclosing the fact that he was an undischarged bankrupt.

Artful move

His victim in this case—that is, the one victim of many who had courage to prosecute—was a lady named Crowther. Spratt had made many untrue statements to this lady regarding his flourishing position, and had induced her to lend him £100.

When she discovered that he was already a bankrupt and had made no attempt to refund her money, Miss Crowther laid the charge referred to.

The hearing was adjourned, and Spratt took advantage of the adjournment to prevail upon a friend to come forward and pay Miss Crowther a substantial part of her money.

The magistrate, on learning that this act of restitution had actually been carried out, listened to Spratt's plea for leniency and bound him over in the sum of £50 to come up for judgment if called upon.

Two years later Spratt was again in the dock—this time at Great Marlborough Street.

He was to have been charged with obtaining money by false pretences, but when the case came up for hearing he repeated his tactics

* * *

"Straight from the horse's mouth." Read "The Wizard of Netheravon's" racing reminiscences in "The People" every Sunday.

and made belated restitution, thus avoiding punishment by a hair's breadth.

The police in Holland also know a good deal about Spratt, and when he fell into their hands on one occasion he did not fare so leniently as in the cases mentioned above.

He had gone to a Dutch firm and had ordered various goods on credit. Fortunately for the firm, his true financial status—that of an undischarged bankrupt—was discovered and he was arrested.

No assets at all!

After being detained by the Dutch police for nearly five months, he was expelled from the country under orders of the Dutch Government.

In England, where he has many victims, Spratt has been bankrupt on no fewer than four occasions.

As a motor engineer, for instance, he failed in October, 1919, with liabilities running into something like £13,185. In this case he paid a dividend of 2s. 7¾d. in the pound.

His second bankruptcy, a small one, came a few months later, while the third, in 1923, involved liabilities amounting to £12,853.

Then, in November last, he failed once more, this time with liabilities of £14,102 *and no assets at all.*

The extent of his colossal impudence may be gathered from the fact that he has never obtained his discharge in any of these bankruptcies, and has gone on contracting further debts with impunity.

He has been associated, too, with several unsuccessful company ventures. In 1925 he formed Motor Transport (London), Ltd., for running charabancs and taxi-cabs, and adopted for the occasion the name of Thomas Henry Hart-Hall.

His chief victim was a Mr. Charles Wentworth Michael Noel Hill, whose acquaintance he contrived to make through the medium of an attendant at a West End hotel.

Driven to bankruptcy

What Mr. Hill thinks of the introduction to-day will be realised when we say that he advanced nearly £6,000 to Spratt in connection with the above venture and lost all, being finally driven to the Shrewsbury Bankruptcy Court himself.

Such, then, is the record of the man who appeared so nonchalantly before Mr. Registrar Mellor the other day, and who affected such a dignified disregard for articles in JOHN BULL.

That the Official Receiver favours a different view is shown by the fact that he applied to us for certain information regarding the resources of Mr. Spratt.

This we readily furnished, and in laying the full details before the public now, we trust we have erected a barrier that will keep Mr. Spratt from resuming his plundering exploits in the future.

DIVORCE *in* CRINOLINES

Makes Court's Verdicts Degrading

"MARRIAGE as we have it now is plain hell for most persons who get into it." Thus bluntly speaks Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of the Juvenile and Family Court, in Denver, Colorado, where for every two marriages in 1922 a divorce suit was filed.

Though certainly overstating the case for this country, the increase of divorce petitions during the last twenty years is a perpetual subject of Press comment.

At the beginning of the century, a dozen matrimonial causes in a list was considered heavy. Now forty decrees *nisi* are often granted by one judge at a single sitting!

Within the first week of the current law term, the divorce judges disposed of 500 cases. Since the opening of the year the 2,000 total has been passed.

Pandering to the rich

Divorce, however the Churches may object to it, is a State-recognised institution, and its results accomplished facts.

But why in 1928 should the laws respecting it masquerade in the crinolines of 1857, and in the most expensive silk crinolines at that?

In spite of Mr. Justice Slater's contention that divorce is cheap and easy, judicial separation obtainable from the magistrate is the chief refuge of the vast mass of workers from matrimonial abuses.

Only those with substance can afford to bring into court the evidence of the one piece of guilt on which the whole of the divorce law in this country rests.

It is a mere pandering to the richer section of the community to make the one condition of divorce adultery, a fact the most difficult to prove, the easiest to hide, the most expensive to trace.

As Lord Buckmaster trenchantly puts it, "The court would not listen one moment to a poor woman who says, 'My husband is at the other end of the world. I am sure he is committing adultery, but my means prevent me from obtaining evidence.'"

But there are more vital claims even than the financial for ceasing to make misconduct the only condition of divorce. Adultery is not the only breaker-up of successful marriage relations.

Children suffer

The husband who deserts his wife and children is doing them at least as great a wrong as if he were unfaithful to the spouse. A wife who refuses to cohabit with her husband is breaking up his home, whether it drives him to adultery or not.

Only recently, Mr. Bingley, the London magistrate, remarking that he was not condoning with immorality, refused to allow a husband to discontinue his allowance to an unfaithful wife.

She had three children to support, and the man with whom she lived, and who had helped her when she had no work, would have married her had she been free.

But why because she is poor should a deserted wife, living monogamously with another man, a husband in all but name, be of necessity his paramour and her children by him illegitimate?

Nor is the wife always the sufferer. Recently, the wife of a Custom's

The Rt. Hon. Lord Buckmaster

officer refused to live with her husband or divorce him, although he had met a woman he loved who cared for him.

What is the point in letting a wife's selfishness bind her husband to a tie he is almost bound not to respect?

A piece of humbug

This farce of centring divorce round adultery is apparent even for couples who can afford solicitors' bills and private detectives' fees.

Take the case of a solicitor who married in 1898. After being four years separated from his wife, he applied to her to divorce him on the strength of his letter to her claiming he was in love with another woman and enclosing an hotel bill.

Lord Merrivale described the act as a "piece of humbug to make it appear that he, a respectable man in a good position, frequented an hotel with a woman of a certain class."

Nevertheless, it is degrading for public morals, as well as sordid for the individual, to have to resort to lies and subterfuges to gain something that could be settled if the law were more reasonable.

Mr. Justice Hill, on one occasion, referring to the matter before him as "one of those idiotic cases in which an attempt was made to manufacture evidence to enable the other party to obtain a divorce," granted a decree because he thought it hard on the husband if he did not.

On the other hand, Lord Merrivale's celebrated announcement that he did not sanction the practice of resorting to hotels to make a *prima-facie* case of adultery might be construed as an attempt to bolster up the law which public opinion was deciding was valueless.

As a London solicitor, complaining that affairs in the divorce court are in a very serious state, says: "If a man and a woman were living together in an empty house without servants they would have to go to an hotel to get a divorce."

Lagging behind

An attempt to remove the crinoline of 1857 and substitute a more modern aspect of divorce law was made by Lord Buckmaster's Bill of 1920. It succeeded in making adultery alone sufficient cause to divorce a husband.

But it is pathetic that five suggested reasons for divorce went by the wall.

Desertion, cruelty, incurable lunacy, habitual drunkenness and imprisonment under commuted death sentence, these were put forward fifteen years ago by the Royal Commission on Divorce under the chairmanship of Lord Gorell, and were rejected in 1920.

How long will it be before they are adopted? Must England for ever lag behind other countries in so vital a matter?

In Holland, for instance, divorce is obtainable for malicious desertion or for life imprisonment. In Switzerland, if judicial separation has lasted three years, either spouse may sue for divorce.

The same applies to New Zealand, where seven years in an asylum is also regarded as ground for dissolving the marriage tie.

Finally, to come nearer home, since 1573 Scotland has admitted desertion as ground for divorce, and Lord Salvesen, an eminent Scottish judge, declares that nothing justifies the idea that the provision has been abused; on the contrary, serious grievances have been remedied.

Welter of hypocricy

It is the Church in this country that has most strenuously opposed divorce reform. The Archbishop of York, one of three who signed the Minority Report of the Royal Commission, made a most influential speech objecting to Lord Buckmaster's Bill.

But look where the opposition of the Church has landed us!—in an ever-increasing surge of petitions and a positive welter of hypocrisy, a sin quite as much condemned in the New Testament as putting away one's wife.

Let the bishops remain happy in discussing alterations in the Prayer Book and forms of ritual. The layman persists in demanding divorce. The sooner he sets Parliament about ordering it sensibly, sanely, and fair to rich and poor alike, the better.

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by PHILIP INMAN

Is death the end of all? If so, the hopes of thousands must be shattered. But, in spite of scientific theories, the humble faith will persist and observance proves that this faith is right.

The DEAD who LIVE

FROM the first day he was admitted to the hospital, Daniel Forbes became a general favourite. And no wonder. He was suffering from a painful and incurable disease, but never once did a murmur or a sob escape his lips.

One day he let me into the secret. He knew that his days were numbered, but he was not afraid. Death to him would not only bring release from his sufferings, but he believed that it would lead to a happy reunion with his wife, whom he had lost twelve months before.

"For thirty-eight years," this man told me, and his voice sounded inexpressibly tender, "Emmie and I were all in all to each other. And when she died, I wanted to die too."

He had not had long to wait, and there in that hospital bed he lingered in that interval just before the sunset of life.

I had just finished my day's work, when from Daniel Forbes there came an imperious summons. He wished to see me, and if possible at once.

"Is it true?"

When I approached his bed I knew that something strange had happened. The usual smile of welcome was missing, and in its place there was a hard, unnatural look about him.

On the bed was a newspaper, and with a hand that shook he picked it up and gave it to me. Across the page in large type was this heading:

"GREAT SCIENTIST'S PRONOUNCEMENT.
"DEATH THE END OF ALL."

Then this doomed man turned to me and asked wistfully, "Is it true? Do you believe it?" What could I say? With bitterness in my soul, I read the dogmatic assertions of Sir Arthur Keith and Sir John Bland Sutton.

"The soul of man has no more permanence than the flame of a candle," announced the one, and "Death is the end of all," was the verdict of the other.

I put the paper down, and I saw that Daniel Forbes was waiting for his answer. "They are wrong," I said quietly: "I don't *think* I shall survive, I *know* I shall survive. Such a belief is more than a religious hope: it is the crying instinct of human nature."

Faith shattered and restored

But when I came away, I felt that those two eminent gentlemen had done their day's work. They had shattered the faith of a dying man.

All through the night that wistful appeal haunted me. "Is it true? Do you believe it?" I heard it in my dreams.

The next morning I had an inspiration. In my talks with that incurable patient we discussed many things in general. We spoke of political life and he often paid tribute to "one of England's finest men and greatest statesmen." He had described him to me as one whose word you could absolutely trust.

I sat down and wrote to this man, telling him the story of Daniel Forbes, and asking him for a personal message that I could hand on.

His letter in reply is a remarkable one, but space will only allow me to quote part of it.

"The abyss is unfathomable to those who stand upon the brink, and I fear each of us who has to descend into it must find for himself or herself on what ledges a foot can be placed.

"I have been through that which would make it very easy for me to die, and I know that such evidence as there is points to a greater life outside the material one that we can see.

"You might impress upon your patient that those who deny what they cannot disprove are not to be followed as people of superior knowledge, but rather to be pitied for their narrowness."

Philip Inman

Armed with that document, I went again to Daniel Forbes. Alas, it was too late, for he was too far gone to heed my words.

"It won't be long now," whispered the nurse, and I stayed by his side and watched him. I am glad that I did.

Just before the end he opened his eyes. Then he stretched out his hands as though greeting someone he knew and loved. A wonderful smile lit up his face.

The next minute he fell back dead.

The Sentence of the Court

CUSHENDUN *TAKES THE COUNT*

Peace-Work Sabotage

CHARGED with sabotage at Geneva, Lord Cushendun asked for (*a*) A definition of the word "sabotage"; (*b*) its derivation; (*c*) information as to the geographical position of Geneva; (*d*) an adjournment to consider what plea (if any) he would enter; (*e*) a map of ——

At this stage the judge intervened and directed that a plea of "Not guilty" be entered. "We are not at Geneva now," he announced. "Here we have a prejudice in favour of getting on with the job."

"The word 'sabotage,'" said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "may be very simply defined as the sort of monkey-tricks the accused has been playing at Geneva, where he fills the uninspiring rôle of objector-in-chief.

He has, in fact, elected to play there the part that was played in the House of Commons by Sir Frederick Banbury, until someone conceived the bright idea of securing his eviction with the aid of a coronet.

"Whether the subject be disarmament, arbitration or security, the accused can be relied upon to interpose obstacles, erect red-tape entanglements and invent ingenious sophistries to prove that the proposals will conflict with the British Constitution, endanger the safety of the Upper Tooting Glee Club, or infringe subsection X.378 of the by-laws of the Thame Conservancy Board.

"As an exponent of the dreary art of stonewalling, he takes all available buns and leather medals.

"While a war-weary nation is demanding that its representatives shall go bald-headed for world peace, he is content to split hairs, so that the proposals of practical idealists are met in the spirit of a pettifogging attorney refusing to accept some document on the ground that he has detected a comma where a semi-colon should be."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that what counsel described as "stonewalling" was evidence of Lord Cushendun's determination to protect British interests. However anxious they might be to preserve peace, the Great Powers must reserve the right to take drastic action on "matters of honour and vital interest."

* * *

"If there is one thing of which I am heartily sick," said Mr. Justice Bull, "it is cant about 'matters of honour and vital interest,' since almost anything under heaven or above the earth can be so described if it suits the momentary aims of diplomatists, armament-makers, international financiers or other warmongers.

"It is as the result of just such quibbling that the 'Geneva atmosphere' has become murky with mutual mistrust and the 'Locarno spirit' badly ullaged.

"We are informed that 'Stone walls do not a prison make,' and it is no less certain that stonewalling does not help in making a palace of peace. Our own stonewalling misrepresentatives have obstructed the Washington Convention on hours of labour.

"Their philosophic doubts were largely responsible for the failure of the Naval Conference. The Russian proposals for complete disarmament they received with flouts and jeers, and they have now succeeded in 'revising' and weakening the Kellogg proposals.

"The only redeeming feature I can recall in the prisoner's public record is the fact that, when plain Ronald M'Neill, M.P., he on one auspicious occasion threw a book at Mr. Winston Churchill.

"I must, of course, take this praiseworthy action into account, so I will merely direct that the prisoner be recalled from Geneva and appointed sub-acting assistant-librarian to the House of Commons with access to the Chamber on next Budget day."

Take my tip! If you want to make racing pay read "The Sporting Life." Daily, 2d.

No jumpy feeling

NOW *when I drive through traffic*

A feeling of strain takes half the pleasure out of driving. Even experienced motorists are apt to feel the effects of nervous tension during a long spell at the wheel.

Nothing relieves this tension so effectively as Wrigley's Chewing Sweets. The act of chewing, as motorists have discovered, has a gentle soothing effect. The healthful cleansing action of Wrigley's refreshes the mouth—steadies the nerves. Your doctor will tell you so.

Dentists and medical men also recommend the regular use of Wrigley's after every meal—because it aids digestion and cleanses the mouth after eating, drinking or smoking.

Use Wrigley's—the sweet of refinement and good health.

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El. 20A.

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A 10-day test at our expense that proves to 85% of those who try it that the claims we make are based on fact.

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So in introducing our new shaving cream to you we discard bombast and boasting, and rest our case flatly on your decision after you have made a suitable trial of the product itself.

Now we offer you a 10-day test, at our expense. We expect it to prove to you in your own bathroom that this is the finest shaving cream you have ever used. Our whole case rests on *merit alone* convincing you.

We take the risk—not you

If we are right, surely you want to know about it. And, since the big majority of those who make this test become wedded to Palmolive Shaving Cream, we feel we have a good chance to win you. Palmolive Shaving Cream is no accident. We started by asking 1,000 men what they most desired in a shaving preparation. Then set out to give it to them.

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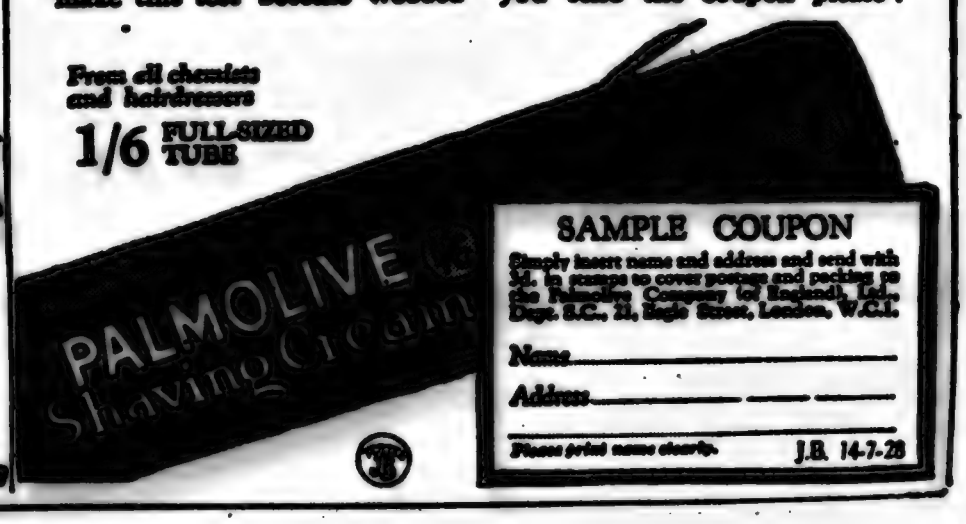

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Please print name clearly. J.B. 14-7-28

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RAPID SHAVE CREAM

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Please send me a sample tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream.

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Best Bakers Bake it

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Words Winged to Women

NOT—*for Publication!*

by MABEL HORNER

THAT every new idea gets laughed at when it is "new" is merely a sign that attention has been arrested. Even *laughter is better than indifference*

"IT is women who keep the war spirit alive," a man said bitterly in my hearing the other day. He is right. I did not think so once. Alas! I know it now.

I am not foolish enough to include every woman in this terrific and awful indictment. The heights of heroism and self-sacrifice to which some women rose in the last war are known to everyone.

At De Montfort Square, Leicester, nursing sisters, disabled in the war, eke out their scanty pensions by doing exquisite needlework and offering it for sale. I am not thinking of such as them.

Nor do I include those who, in season and out, are not afraid to term war a ghastly, blasphemous denial of Christianity, and who are spending their lives to make it impossible in future.

Twenty men and women of this sort went to Hendon on June 30. There, in the face of the heedless thousands, they made their courageous protest.

Impossible alliance

When the mock attack on London had just been repulsed, a tall, scholarly-looking young workman in the tier upon tier of spectators in the 5s. enclosure stood up. "I ask you all to do your share to put an end to war and war propaganda," he cried loudly.

"To use the air for death-dealing and poison-gas is a blasphemy. England calls herself a Christian country, but Christianity and war cannot go together. You cannot be a Christian and a war-monger both."

The 5s. spectators listened. The R.A.F. men and police listened. An atmosphere was produced. Questioners surrounded the speaker. His leaflets were accepted eagerly and broadcast.

In the 10s. enclosure a woman stood up at the same moment. On her coat she wore the regimental badges of her brothers, both killed in the war. She made her protest against the wickedness of making a holiday pageantry of war.

Many listened eagerly. A few turned away with a sneer. Those she bravely tackled. "I dare you to take away some of my literature and study it!" she challenged. They took it then. Even elderly believers in war do not like to appear afraid!

In the 2s. enclosure an Oxford undergraduate appealed to all within reach of his deep-toned voice, and gave away in hundreds Dick Shepherd's pronouncements against war reprinted from his book, "The Impatience of a Parson."

Mabel Horner

On a hillock, a tall, distinguished woman teacher was laughed at and shouted down—but she held aloft a League of Nations poster to the view of thousands leaving the aerodrome, and many who began by scoffing stayed, thinking soberly and discussing.

"I'm glad you're showing that reminder, Miss," said a workman; "we've been making a Roman holiday I reckon, fiddling while Rome is burning."

But a group of gay and well-dressed girls with their attendant cavaliers passed by, exploding with laughter. They and their like are the biggest danger with which the world is faced to-day.

They are dangerous because all they see is the uniform, the glitter and the glory. Their eyes are held by pride and vanity from the anguish, the blood and the ruin.

(I do not say "death," because if there is ever a "next," war death will be the one mercy to seek.) Their ears are filled with the shouts and the music. They do not hear the shrieks of the tortured and dying.

But one girl, even amid the glorifying of war at Hendon, did. She was a young mother from the East End of London, and she stood on the top of a crowded motor-'bus, and in face of jeers and amusement made her protest as the "enemy" aeroplane descended handsomely and satisfactorily in flames to the accompaniment of solemn music.

Women are awake!

"One man being burnt to death is as pitiable a sight as another," she testified courageously, "I told my church I would come. *I'm thinking of the children.*"

So they stood, these brave women, alone in the mob of gay, unthinking women, a band of pioneers for sanity. Their activities have not been reported in the daily Press. I record them here that all the world may know.

These twenty pioneers of sanity are not without powerful backing.

On July 25, at eight o'clock in the evening, women will mass in their thousands at the Queen's Hall, London, as part of the British-American Women's Crusade, "for the mutual renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy in favour of the pacific settlement of international disputes."

Not a few "cranks," mark you! But women, real women, who are doing things, and organising things, and filling big places in the world.

Religionists, teachers, citizens, public officials, justices of the peace, politicians of all Parties, Members of Parliament, women from the Dominions and women of America, and, greatest hope of all for the world, the British Federation of Youth.

A fig for all the clever devil's machinery of Hendon! The women of the world are awake to what it means for their children. Hand-in-hand, and hands-across-the-sea, they are banding together to stop it.

WOODEN LEGS *v.* WOODEN HEADS

An Extravaganza with a Moral

ONE of the most nonsensical stories in the writing of which the American humourist, Mark Twain, was such an adept, centred round a wooden leg. The value of the humour lay in the salesmanship.

A man with nothing else left to sell proved remarkably adroit at foisting off a wooden leg upon those still possessed of two of the usual variety.

At any rate, the salesman's expatiations upon the advantages of possessing a third leg, and that of wood, succeeded in providing him with food and drink.

There are always those in the world trying to press home the value of possessing something nobody really wants. The JOHN BULL Free Insurance scheme is not like that.

Constant surprise

It provides a real safeguard against the everyday, incapacitating accidents always happening in the home. It stands on service while the victims of household accidents are still living.

It is a constant surprise how many of these household accidents consist of injuries to legs.

Mrs. William J. Clarke, of 20, Marley Street, Keighley, was busy about her ordinary household duties, when she fell and suffered a severe fracture of the leg.

Being a registered reader, Mr. Clarke made known to JOHN BULL his trouble, and the help so sorely needed was at once forthcoming. "It is indeed acceptable," writes Mr. Clarke, "for the costs incurred through my wife's accident have been very heavy."

Another leg accident occurred to a registered reader when Mrs. Charles Cox, of 8, Terrace Road, Binfield, was busily preparing the family dinner. Cellar steps are treacherous. Mrs. Cox slipped on hers, sustaining a bad fracture, and once again the JOHN BULL Free Insurance Gift helped a harassed family.

Steps were also responsible for the fall of Miss Emma Northrop, of 31, Catherine Street, Keighley, and a fractured leg resulted, which necessitated her immediate removal to hospital.

* * *

240,000 Pennies for Your Thoughts!—Think of it! £1,000 for a few words on one of those "Bullets" coupons on page 35. You may be the winner!

But single women have the same privileges as married householders, and because Miss Northrop was a registered reader the JOHN BULL cheque followed her.

"It is a veritable godsend," she writes, "as my accident means at least three months off work and I have a home to keep. I shall not even be able to use it for several weeks, but having it here is an encouragement, for when I get about again it will see me through."

Don't be woodens-headed!

Mrs. A. Smith, of 70, Wylam Road, Elswick, Newcastle, was another victim of a fall. She fell downstairs, and was fortunate in that she did not break her neck, but the fracture of the right leg that ensued was bad enough.

Those who took the unwanted wooden leg from Mark Twain's salesman must have been wooden heads. The JOHN BULL Free Insurance is a very substantial extra leg for householders to stand on; not so much so that only wooden heads will care to take it. Fill up the registration form on page 2 to-day!

Spots!

4 YEARS' SUFFERER'S GLAD RELIEF.

Why let unsightly spots mar your appearance. A spotty face is both embarrassing and unpleasant. Men and women alike are finding relief from Wex, the easy pleasant remedy that clears the skin and keeps it clear by purifying the blood. Read what this gentleman writes:—

"I am pleased to say that since taking Wex all the blemishes on my skin have disappeared. I have had the spots on my face for nearly four years, and I have found that Wex has helped to remove them better than anything else I have tried. I would have written earlier, but I am a Civil Servant and have been very busy of late."
3rd June, 1928. *R. J. M.*

Why Wex Removes Spots.

Spots are caused by thickening of the bile, which prevents the liver from carrying away the waste products of the body. Wex goes to the root of the matter, assisting Nature by thinning the bile. The impurities which are clogging the system are removed, spots vanish, the skin becomes clear, indigestion, dull eyes, coated tongue, and other kindred ailments disappear, and the whole system is toned. Prove this to your profit. Wex is a delightful sparkling morning drink. You take one teaspoonful in half-a-glass of water on rising. Wex is sold by 7,000 chemists, including all branches of Boots, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White Co., Ltd., at 1s. 6d. per bottle, 2s. 6d. double quantity. Made by E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, LTD. (Established 1786), Manchester.

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However chronic your digestive troubles have been, you can end all suffering to-day. This statement is not exaggerated—thousands of one-time indigestion sufferers endorse it—and the remedy is simple, safe, sure and speedy. After eating, or when pain is felt, take a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia, which gives immediate relief and removes the cause of the trouble by instantly neutralising excess stomach acid and stopping food fermentation. Pain and discomfort promptly disappear, the acid-inflamed lining of your stomach is soothed and healed, while the disturbed digestive processes are restored to normal, healthy activity. Doctors and Nurses recommend 'Bisurated' Magnesia, and use it in hospitals because it is a genuine stomach remedy. Get a 1s. 3d. package of 'Bisurated' Magnesia powder or tablets from your chemist to-day. You, too, will find it unequalled for ending indigestion in any form.

For your throat

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THORNTON HEATH—59, High Street
HAMMERSMITH—120, King Street, W.6
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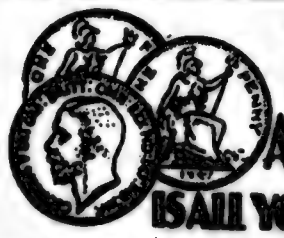

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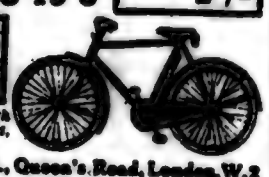

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Human Documents

ROBBED *of a* PENSION

A Daughter's Dilemma—Five Years' Dallying—Haunting Dread

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped, addressed envelope. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"I AM appealing to you to solve the difficulty of an aged man and his paralysed daughter who live in my district.

"Three months ago the old fellow's wife died, up to which time she had been drawing a dependency pension of 18s. a week in respect of their only son killed in the war.

"Now that the wife is dead there is only the old man's pension of 10s. to pay the weekly rent of 4s. and to purchase food for two people.

"Application to the guardians for relief has been refused, and the offer of accommodation in their institution is all the local authorities will make.

"It is not unnatural that these two poor souls should be unwilling to accept this proposal, particularly in view of their earnest desire to cling together.

"The home, consisting of two tiny rooms, is spotless, for the old man contrives to maintain the cleanliness for which kindly neighbours are responsible, one of whom pays daily visits in order to attend to the several needs of the invalid.

"There is at least one outstanding incident to my knowledge in the life of the old man which, to my mind, is well worth recording.

"Twenty-five years ago he alone was responsible for the rescue of two women from a gigantic fire which broke out in the factory in which he was then employed.

"The rescue was carried out under extreme difficulties and at considerable risk to his own life. The old fellow's hands and arms to this day bear the scars of his gallantry.

"For this reason, if for no other, I ask you, can you not suggest a happier end to a worthy life than the workhouse for this hero and his daughter?"

"HUMANIST" says: *Yes. Tell your friend to apply to the local office of the Ministry of Pensions for the pension in respect of his late son which should have been paid to him on his wife's death. This failure on its part to acquaint those in receipt of dependency pensions of this procedure merits a strong public censure. Unfortunately, payments are not retrospective, but date from time of application, hence your friend should apply immediately. Ask your representative on the board of guardians to investigate the reason why outdoor relief cannot be granted in respect of the invalid daughter.*

• • •

"I AM a young girl of eighteen. My sisters are married, thus leaving on my shoulders the entire responsibility of providing for our aged mother.

For Mother's Sake

"Until six months ago I was in good work, but the firm suddenly went on short time, and at this point my mother became seriously ill. I had not a penny in the world, yet the doctor told me she must undergo an operation, delay of which might cost her her life.

"Sooner than lose my mother because I lacked the wherewithal to purchase relief, and owing to my inability to secure employment, I turned prostitute.

"Naturally, I preserved secrecy on the source of my earnings, and my mother believed I had a situation. The operation was successful, and I was able to send her away for two months to recuperate, but she had not been home a fortnight when she learned the awful truth.

"I did not explain that it was to save her life that I had prostituted my honour. I think my heart stopped dead within me to listen to her terrible denunciations.

"I went to live at a hostel, and met an elderly man whom I consented to marry, but shortly afterwards realised I was to bear him a child. You may judge of my dismay, however, when I made the discovery that my lover was a married man with a wife also an expectant mother.

"In consideration for his wife, I refrained from taking proceedings. One day I visited my mother, whereupon, observing my condition, she shut the door in my face. My baby will be born next month, and I am destitute. What is to become of us?"

"HUMANIST" says: *Your plight is indeed a distressing one. Write to the organisation to which I am referring you by post, and in the meantime send your mother a letter explaining everything in detail. If she has any heart at all, she should give you the sympathy you now need.*

• • •

"FIVE years ago a friend of mine applied for a poor person's divorce. At that time, after his demobilisation, my friend with his two children went to live with his parents, as his wife had sold up his home while he was on active service, and as my friend was only earning a labourer's wage, his mother paid the £5 deposit demanded by the Poor Persons' Committee.

"One Law for Rich—"

"The solicitor who offered to conduct the case was supplied with all information of the wife's adultery, including the birth certificates of two illegitimate children to which she had given birth, also the promised evidence of a police officer who had arrested a deserter with whom she was then living.

"This evidence would appear conclusive, but the solicitor was unconvinced and, despite his repeated promises to push the case, it has not yet been admitted.

"Owing to ill-health my friend's mother requested him to seek other accommodation, owing to her inability to take charge of the children, whereupon he went to live with a young woman who has since borne him a child.

"Upon acquainting his solicitor of these facts, the latter, after accepting his client's fee and dallying about for five years, now informs him that the case cannot be admitted, but suggests that the Poor Persons' Department might arrange for a solicitor to take up the case for £20. As well suggest £3,000.

"What redress has my friend and how may he take steps to legalise his present union?"

"HUMANIST" says: *He has by his own misconduct now complicated the issue, but without fuller details it is impossible to be more definite as to what redress, if any, your friend has in the matter. He should, however, report the circumstances and request the Poor Persons' Department to investigate the case, which may be admitted if he asks for discretion to be exercised in his favour.*

• • •

DIFFERENT ages hold different intellectual beliefs. But all ages have been agreed about the value of kindliness, helpfulness, eagerness to do our best for others as well as for ourselves. See "The Greatest of These . . ." Fund, page 34.

"A POPULAR topic of controversy at the present time is concern for the departed and their mode of life in the spirit world, if indeed there is such a realm. Sir Arthur Keith would have us believe there is no life after death. I could wish that this were so.

Earth-Bound

"The experiences in my life colour my belief that sometimes the soul never dies, but lives on through numerous incarnations.

"There are few countries in the world which I have not visited, many of which when viewed for the first time recalled in some vague way strange incidents linked up with a dim past.

"Now, at the age of forty-nine, I feel sated with all that life can offer and would welcome peace and rest. I feel old and am soul-weary, and the thought that I may be condemned to yet another incarnation is to me a haunting dread.

"What is your opinion on such a subject, and, what is more important, what is the basis of your belief?"

"HUMANIST" says: *Since the sole basis for my spiritual convictions is the Bible, in which there is no mention of the transmigration or reincarnation of souls, I am firmly of opinion that you are labouring under a misapprehension concerning your pre-existence. Medical science has arguments in explanation of the imagined recollections of events and places being due to some inverted action of the brain.*

• • •

Jack Ashore

"My husband, originally in the American navy obtained his discharge, since when he has drifted along, depending on me to maintain a home. I ultimately returned to this country, but he now begs me to return to him. I still love my husband. Do you think I should go?"

"Humanist" says: *I certainly do not think you should maintain a lazy man. Why not write and tell your husband that you will rejoin him as soon as he secures work with decent prospects? It is a pity for two people who love each other to remain indefinitely apart.*

Golden Silence

"A friend of mine has contracted the habit of attending cinemas two or three times a week unknown to her husband and forms promiscuous acquaintances with men. She ignores my remonstrances, and I am wondering whether I should inform her husband, whom I should have married, if he had never met her—at a cinema!"

"Humanist" says: *I think you should mind your own business. The husband will learn the truth in time, for, however sincere your motives, be very sure they will be misconstrued in view of your former association with her husband.*

A Mean Advantage

"About fourteen years ago I committed a theft for which I was fined. My husband, realising my utter contrition, readily forgave me. Unfortunately, I lost my husband, and four years later remarried, and although my second husband knew of my lapse, he has never allowed me to forget it, and is threatening to reveal the facts to my little ones."

"Humanist" says: *What a cad! But why not forestall him and confide in your children, pointing the example that "honesty is the best policy." Your children should be sympathetic and not critical by every reason of your subsequent sufferings.*

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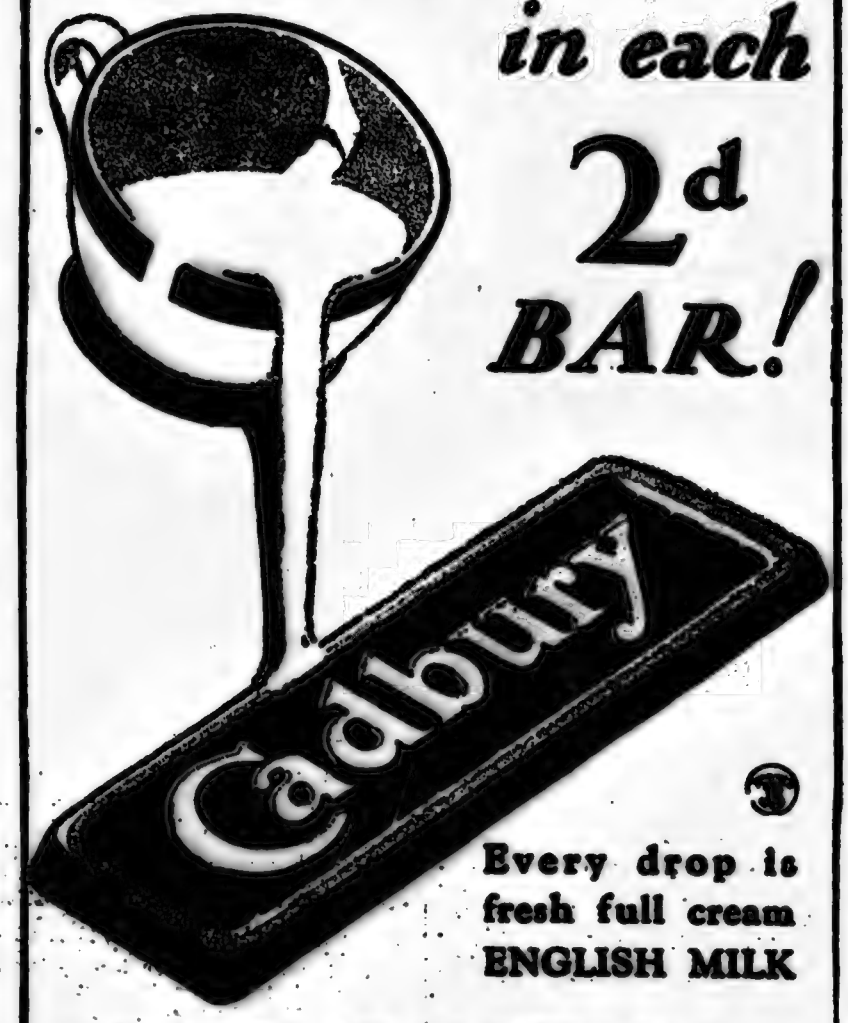

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Every mother will have read of the serious plight of British farmers, many of whom cannot make their farms pay.

British Agriculture is our most important industry and it is essential to restore it to prosperity. Everybody can help in some way. Business people can give preference to home production and British housewives can insist on being served with British goods.

After all, the purchase of food is left almost entirely to wives and mothers and the future of British agriculture is largely in their hands.

The importance of dairying is recognised by everybody, yet farmers are producing more milk than our housewives buy. Our own British milk has been proved to be richer and of better quality than the average imported milk, and it is therefore good business and money well spent to buy milk from our own countryside.

You can use milk—English milk—in many ways apart from drinking it. One way (which the children like very much) is in Cadbury's Milk Chocolate Bars. Every one of these 2d Bars is made with half a cup of fresh, full-cream English Milk. When you give your child a Cadbury 2d. Milk Bar, you are giving it amongst other good things half a cup of milk. If every youngster of 14 or under in this country were given two of these a week it would benefit British children and find more employment for British workers. In round figures, in this direction alone British children would be taking 3½ million gallons of milk a year.

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Our Letter Parliament

THE GREATER SINNER

One for the Profiteers—Unlock the Land!—Unfair Competition

I APPLAUD Mr. A. M. Thompson for his defence of the poor man's gamble (JOHN BULL, June 30). Narrow-minded clerics upbraid the working man who speculates a "bob" on a dog-race, but say nothing to those who gamble hundreds of pounds on a horse-race or a roulette-table. Wickedness is judged in inverse ratio to the amount gambled. Honours and laudation if you garner a few thousands; a doleful sermon if you lose a shilling.—*W. L., Everton.*

Industry's Obstacle

Mr. A. M. Thompson's scathing criticism of the school head-master and the "superior" Bishop of Lichfield will surely be endorsed by all broad-minded, sane people up and down the country. To my way of thinking, the Church, instead of condemning, is propagating the futile, poisonous doctrines of class-warfare, which is our biggest obstacle in industry to-day.—*A. A., Glasgow.*

Play the Game Well!

Your contributor classes the recent gambling innovation with other games of sport and with the greatest game of all—Life. Life is a gamble from the beginning to the end. What you do with or make of the cards you hold, given or acquired, is your own business. Play the game, but, if you have a partner, wife or husband, play as partners, and before dealing consider your obligations.—*F. B., Staffs.*

Private Flutters

A man devoid of the gambling instinct is a man minus a natural instinct. Where moderation controls our natural instincts, no harm can follow. If the laity could behold the private flutters that are going on at the moment over forecasting the winner of the "Canterbury Stakes," they would be amazed. I heard the other day a vicar lay a rector 10 to 1 on his favourite candidate for the coming vacancy at Lambeth!—*H. G. W., Yorks.*

Desperate Hope

Which is the greater sinner, the wealthy man who bets for a flutter's sake or the poor man who bets in the desperate hope that a sequence of lucky shots will give him the necessities which, in the ordinary way, he can never hope to attain. The Church ignores the rule of cause and effect. The poor are not poor because they bet, but bet because they are poor.—*D. K. M., Inverness.*

The Wicked Poor

What do the "Dismal Jimmys" think after reading Mr. A. M. Thompson's scathing retort to them? Let these pious fault-finders remember that it is not the poor man's "pint pot" or his "bob" on a "gee-gee" that renders this world such a wicked place, but rather the excesses and extravagances of the rich and so-called cultured. If these judges had to grind incessantly at soul-breaking occupations, and be harassed by an uncertain future, they would seek forgetfulness in the "pint pot," or some other vicious indulgence.—*S., Oldham.*

Shocked Gentry

Is it not time the "parson fellows" realised why "gambling instincts are with the people" in many cases? It is in the hope of obtaining a little extra for necessities—not luxuries. The sooner these "shocked gentry" broaden their outlook and perform their duty (and opportunity), which, in my opinion, is "attacking the war-mongers" (not praising them), bringing pressure to bear on the unemployment question and the problem of slums, then their religion will be appreciated by the people.—*One of the People, Cardiff.*

Brief-to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published and one guinea for the most original and constructive. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

A Lesson

While recently in France I learned of an effective check to profiteering. A group of inhabitants of a town got together and decided to boycott a certain street for a week. During that time the shops there sold practically nothing. The following week similar tactics were applied to another street, and the shopkeepers saw that they were beaten. Other towns in France are contemplating that salutary example and we might do worse than follow it here.—*J. S., Brighton.*

[The above letter has been awarded the special prize of one guinea.]

Life Savers

The article "Disturbing Fire Facts" (JOHN BULL, June 30) should be read by all our "City Fathers." A few months ago a disastrous fire occurred in Nottingham. A policeman on point duty noticed smoke coming from a building. He called out the fire brigade, but before it arrived the building was a mass of flame, and three people jumped from the third storey, crashing on the pavement, dead. An emergency cabinet containing a jumping-sheet near this policeman's point might have saved three lives.—*G. V., Notts.*

Let Them Starve!

The fact that the Executive Committee of the National Union of Teachers has seen it necessary to promote a "Necessitous Children's Fund" for the relief of children in distressed areas is surely enough to make even our complacent Government blush. Any method of relieving the conditions of these poor, half-starved kiddies is welcomed, of course, but surely it is the plain duty of the Government, as representing the community at large, rather than of one small, self-appointed section of the community.—*London Schoolmaster.*

Printers' Pie

[Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie."]

"SHEFFIELD DAILY TELEGRAPH" (Recipe):—"Remove the yolks and pound them in a basin WITH CHOPPED HAM, PAPER and dry mustard."

"IRELAND'S OWN":—"... spoonful of cod liver oil and malt AND FOR THREE MONTHS TAKE A TABLE THREE TIMES A DAY."

"NORTHERN ECHO" (Advert.):—"Ladies, STOCKED IN WHITE, SUNBURN AND GREEN SHADES, either strap OR LACED."

"NOTTINGHAM EVENING POST":—"The noise can be regulated from the low drone of the telegraph wire TO THE POUNDING OF BIG BUNS."

"EVENING NEWS":—"When two men were accused of travelling on the railway without paying fares, it was stated that they travelled up to London WITHOUT PLATFORM TICKETS."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING POST":—"In addition several hundred certificates WILL BE GIVEN TO EVERY CHILD who reaches a certain standard set by the doctors."

"BURNLEY EXPRESS":—"A 14-seater air-liner is to be sent [illegible] to make PLEASURE FLIGHTS during the season."

The Real Bogey

Commissioner D. C. Lamb has hope[d] "Killing a Bogey" (JOHN BULL, June [illegible]) but he cannot kill what he cannot [see] clearly. I look over miles of uncu[l]tivated Dorset land quite as fertile [as] some land to which he would send "[the] best and fittest workers." Our colo[nies] have the same symptoms of "over-popu[la]tion" as we have. The bogey to kill [is] our land system.—*J. M., Bourcrchelle.*

Chance for Trade

As a seaman I have travelled far [and] seen many sights. But the worst was [in] Russia this year. My chum and I were ashore and were pestered by the "Reds" to sell the clothes we were wearing. They all had plenty of money and would give us £4 or £5 for an overcoat that was not worth 10s. Could not trade be encouraged so that Lancashire would get some of this money.—*C. W. A., S. Dee.*

Who Bears the Losses?

The Duke of Montrose (JOHN BULL, June 30) said: "I have not much faith in profit-sharing as a cure for industrial ills unless the losses be shared as well as the profits." Are not the losses to-day borne mostly by the workers in short time, reduced wages and periods on the "dole"? A national profit-sharing scheme, combined with a national minimum living wage, is the surest foundation upon which to build for a speedy return to industrial prosperity.—*J. H. M., Stockport.*

Sweated Competition

On broad principles Mr. E. [illegible] Thompson is undoubtedly right when he objects to a tariff on goods imported into Britain (JOHN BULL, April [illegible]). On the other hand, many trade unionists consider it unfair that articles manufactured abroad by ill-paid labour should be allowed to compete in the home market. In my own trade we handle printing and stationery imported from Germany because the lower wages paid in that country enable these things to be produced more cheaply.—*W. L., Wimbledon.*

Lunatics!

I am a Poor Law officer and on one occasion had the appalling task of "removing" a child of seven to a mental hospital from another institution. We cannot express one's indignation at the child, a boy, being "certified." He was presumed to be wicked and, apparently, his only crime was a penchant for climbing. Another case was that of an old man of seventy-four supposed to be dangerous, who was more like a baby. A drastic revision of the present system is long overdue.—*Poor Law, Wales.*

Traffic in Corpses

It would be splendid if JOHN BULL would go a step further and indicate how and to whom a person could bequeath the body after death. I suggest a hint of the person while alive, and possibly observation of any disease would, when joined to dissection after death, prove many a missing link in doubtful cases.—*Health Visitor, Dorset.*

How to Do It.

The Swedish Government has [illegible] super-electricity stations which produce about 34 per cent. of the country's total consumption of electric energy. The power-plant operations of the State show a net profit of 5.48 per cent. on the invested capital. Sweden is rapidly becoming one of the greatest economic Powers and that is being accomplished not by the building of tariff walls, but by the application of the country's best brains to the reorganisation of its great industries.—*W. J., Alexandria.*

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WELSH *DERBY*

Ox and Ass for the Principality's Classic

LAST season I had the good luck to put JOHN BULL readers on to three Derby winners, the English, Irish, and Welsh. This year, Fairway let me down badly at Epsom, but Baytown came up trumps at the Curragh. So we are all square. The Welsh big race comes up for decision at Chepstow this week, and I fancy I saw the winner at the recent meeting at Sandown Park, in Ox And Ass.

OX AND ASS might have been better named, but handsome is as handsome does, and so far this season the son of Vizier-Caltha has not run a bad race. It struck me at Sandown, when the colt beat Josephus and Romany Queen, that he had grown considerably since the opening of the Flat, when he was a red-hot order at Lincoln, and my opinion was borne out after the race.

THE three-year-old is owned by Mrs. Drummond, and was bred at her stud at Pitsford Hall, Northampton. She was delighted with the success at Esher, and her husband remarked that the horse had thrived on the ironstone soil of Pitsford, had put on bone. Sunny Trace, The Wheelder, and Ludore constitute the dangers to Ox And Ass at Chepstow, but I think my selection will outstay the trio.

T. Weston, Tobogganʼs jockey

THE Welsh Oaks, at Chepstow's concluding stage, appears to be a walkover for Lord Derby's Toboggan. She gave several of the acceptors a stone and a decisive beating in the Coronation Stakes at Ascot, so it is absurd to expect them to turn the tables at level weights.

OUTSIDE the Principality's "classics" there is not much in the programmes this week. Tarsus, on his form in the Robert de Wiltville Handicap, should take the Bibury Cup at Salisbury, and Coton may score at the meeting. At Lingfield, I suggest Hercules, Waiontha Colt, and Glen Hazel.

A FEATURE of the recent racing has been the splendid success of old Dobson Peacock, the Squire of Middleham. I mentioned in these notes that he had three in the Pitmen's Derby, and that if he relied on The Blade I thought he had the winner. He ran the trio, and Primrose League—one of Alec Taylor's cast-offs—came out best.

PEACOCK has often been referred to as the Alec Taylor of the North. He has a team of seventy-odd horses at Middleham, and his success is due to hard work. At one time, "Steve" was one of his apprentices. I believe the Middleham trainer is seventy years of age, but he was born on the 29th of February. This year he "celebrated" his seventeenth or eighteenth birthday!

I EARMARKED one or two of the horses which ran at Headquarters for future engagements. Ann Hathaway, who finished second to Beachcomber, was badly off and also ran "green." She should come up next time. I also thought No Moss was unlucky. Seagain ran well in the Hare Park Handicap, and I liked the style in which Ayn Hall colt beat Empire Builder in the Exeter Stakes. I coded Spanish, third in the race, but he was no match for the first or second.

GOODWOOD will add a certain liveliness to proceedings at the end of the month. The weights for the Stewards' Cup are due shortly, and I expect the handicapper will come down on Priory Park with an iron hand.

THE brothers Joel have had us on a little bit of string with most of the season's big handicaps, and they have set us another poser in the Goodwood gamble. Mr. J. B. has a nap hand in Priory Park, Nice Prospect, Dark Fire, Musical Prince, and Tag End, and Mr. S. B. has four strings to his bow with Dark Warrior, Tetrachord, Thackeray, and Fleeting Memory. The latter may easily be the pick of the bunch.

IN their long association with the Turf, the millionaire brothers have owned a number of public idols, and Priory Park is, without a doubt, the most popular handicapper since the days of the ugly duckling, Dean Swift, who belonged to Mr. J. B. If he attempts to repeat last year's victory, he is certain of a large following.

ANOTHER of their favourites was the unlucky Poor Boy, who made six attempts to win the Stewards' Cup, and was second on four occasions. At his first attempt, as a three-year-old, he started favourite. Poor Boy belonged to Mr. Solly and was pipped by Mr. J. B.'s long-shot, Elmstead. He was fourth as a four-year-old, and the runner up again in 1910. As a six-year-old, he had another cut and finished fifth, and the following year was second once more.

THIS would have been sufficient to break the hearts of most horses, but Poor Boy, like King Bruce, was one of the do-or-die brigade, and in 1913 he made his sixth attempt. He went under to Lord Annandale.

ALL sorts of quaint queries reach me by post. If they are of general interest I answer them in these notes; if not, by post. One of my London correspondents states that the first race meeting took place at Kempton Park some time in the seventeenth century. Will I confirm this to settle a wager.

RECORDS are available from 1750, and the first meeting I can trace was at Smithfield, the site of the present meat market. Smithfield was at that time a race-course and a sale ring, and, according to the ancient writers, it was a pretty hot spot. One wrote: "There is no greater deceit used anywhere than among our horse-keepers, horse-coursers, and ostlers."

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given *daily* in *The Sporting Life*.

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How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in *The Sporting Life* read those above or below the line, as the case may be. 2KYXYBO would read SEAGAIN.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, July 11, to Tuesday, July 17.

In addition to "Silver Ring's" code tips, *The Sporting Life* publishes two selections daily sent out by the racing experts of *The Sporting Life Weekly Edition*. Don't miss them.

Bath Chai
Runs Away

Panic on the Promenade.

ITS occupant, a lovely young girl, had lost control of the rudder. A panic ensued—there was a rush to safety. Somebody bravely attempted to hand her a lifebelt as she dashed by. Then a young man, taking in the situation at a glance..... but if you are dying to know the rest, be sure and get THE "JOHN BULL" HOLIDAY ANNUAL, now on sale, price Sixpence.

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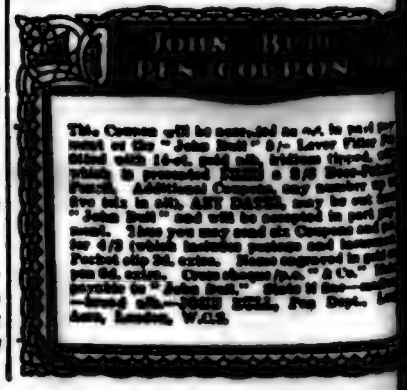

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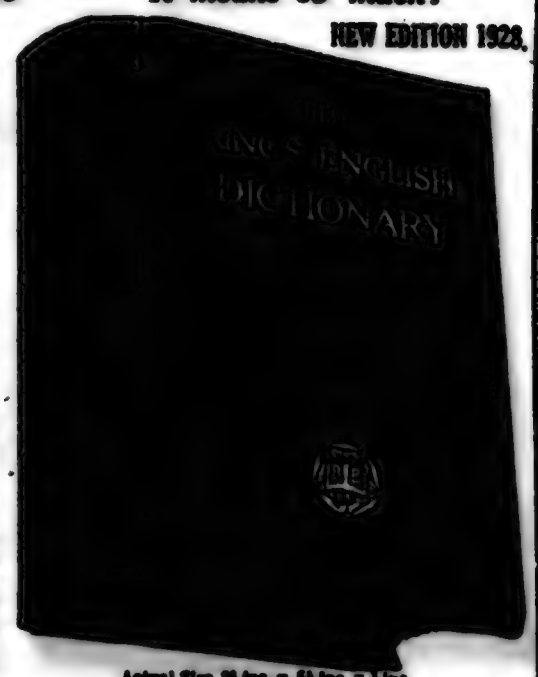

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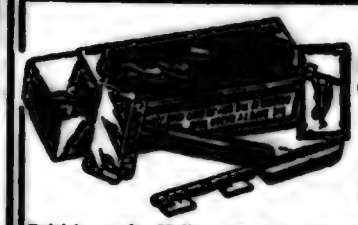

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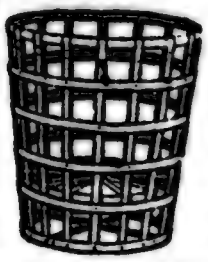

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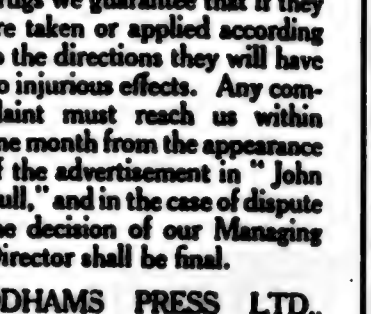

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JOHN BULL Replies

HE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never icious. He likes to end up the week's on a bright note. Serious questions dealt with by the expert staff of our Advice Service.

* * *

YOU are taxed heavily, of course; we all are. But are you taxed fairly? That is another matter. If you are in doubt on any item, send particulars (written in ink), with stamped addressed envelope, to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service. The demands of rating authorities need understanding, and our experts will help you to do it.

. R. (Cromer).—"What is the capital he United States?" Billions.

. T. (Brighton).—"His wife is charm-" Who? You?

. P. E. (Oxford).—"I am just." only just we should imagine.

. D. (Poleford).—"Is there anything ly certain in life?" Yes, death.

. C. (Brockley).—"I was left an han." And did you bring up the child?

. T. (Lancaster).—"I do not owe any anything." Wrong, sir; you owe n apology.

. N. (Grantham).—"Are you a good e of horseflesh?" No; we never ed any.

. D. P. (Long Acre).—"My daughter do anything with her voice." Then se ask her to stop it.

LLA (Shields).—"What is meant by biguity?" The art of making a btful story sound respectable.

. C. (Callow).—"Little men seem to e a lot of swank." We guess you are ut 4 ft. 8 in.

. C. (Ewell).—"My wife spends the le of my money." Well, she couldn't much more, could she?

. M. (Sidcup).—"I work in a Govern-t office." Whatever do your com-ions think of you?

. McB. (Chingford).—"For the last , will you publish my article?" didn't the first time.

. S. J. (Norwich).—"I will tell your une for a pound." We will read r character for nothing if you're not ful!

. H. (Guildford).—"I invented en-ed joke." Yet Turkey has the udence to claim the oldest man in world!

. A. (Aldershot).—"What would you if one fine day you saw a thousand ny planes appear over London?" the pledge, quick.

. T. (Paisley).—"Does this poem sfy you?" Rather! We read a few and even that was more than ugh.

. B. (Wivenhoe).—"Poets are born, made." Are you putting forward ther argument in favour of birth-trol?

. P. (Herne Bay).—"He called me hief and a rogue, but he didn't call a liar." A lapse of memory, we pose.

. B. (Burnt Oak).—"I reached up the top shelf and the whole thing on me." Well, you brought it on rself!

C. B. (Renfrew).—"After she got into the dress—" She was half out of it?

M. M. (Walsall).—"Some parsons talk bosh." You talk like some parsons.

F. M. (Ecclesfield).—"A word to the wise." But why send us a few thousand?

T. N. (Aldershot).—"I've written a popular song about love." There's no other subject for popular songs.

P. W. (London).—"I asked him how he was and he punched my nose." A striking reply!

BENNIE (Nelson).—"I feel I was cut out to be a bachelor." Who cut you out?

SUSIE (York).—"I have married a member of one of the best-known families." Congratulations, Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. C. (Hastings).—"I have had many hours of trial." We trust you were always acquitted.

B. F. (St. Albans).—"We shall soon be in for another cold spell." SNOW or ICE?

ERNEST T. (Halifax).—"She loves me for myself." Oh the importance of being Ernest!

C. P. (Hull).—"The hairs of our heads are numbered." Some people are anxious to know how they can get back numbers.

"YANK" (Bloomsbury).—"There are places in your big towns only comparable to hell." You appear to have travelled very extensively.

J. H. (Leeds).—"It cost me a bonny penny when my wife slipped up on orange peel thrown in the street." Did they carry her into a hat shop?

Mrs. B. (Saddleworth).—"I gave her two eggs to cook with bacon and she actually kept one for herself." Out of the frying-pan into the fryer!

Mrs. T. (Otterspool).—"What punishment can be bad enough for a husband who seeks freedom to marry another?" Freedom to marry another.

JANIE (Oxford).—"Tennis girls suffer tortures from mosquitoes." Naturally; look what opportunities they give the little wretches.

B. N. (Romford).—"Need a man rouse the whole village because another stamps on his pipe?" It all depends whether it's his clay pipe or windpipe.

NELLIE (Lockington).—"Rosy cheeks are a sign of good health in a girl." But she should be careful not to get one cheek healthier looking than the other.

F. H. (Letchworth).—"Soon I shall be lying with my forefathers." And giving them good points at the game, we suspect.

K. O. (Petworth).—"The margin between lunacy and genius is very narrow." With the balance in favour of food and lodging for the lunatic.

PROUD MOTHER (Sutton).—"I feel I must tell you that my baby has cut its first tooth." Our million and a quarter readers are cheering lustily.

ALGERNON (Piccadilly).—"All we did at the club was to have a bit of a lark." Accompanied by the usual number of swallows?

Mrs. J. (Balham).—"I called on you to tell you what I think of you, but after coming up the stairs, I scarcely had breath left to speak." We are moving at once to the floor above.

F. B. (Tenby).—"I had words with my wife." Sure it was with and not from?

T. C. (Victoria).—"How long is it since I wrote to you?" Not long enough.

T. F. (Leeds).—"Lots of people in plus-fours never play golf." Yes, we've seen them trying.

B. C. (Manchester).—"She skipped with joy." We've read books like that, too.

F. C. (Maidenhead).—"Everybody laughs at me." Go on the music-hall stage and make them pay for it.

C. P. G. (Swanage).—"I read everything written by Edgar Wallace." Then you are kept busy, too.

F. M. C. (Mayfair).—"Where do you recommend me to go?" We're too polite to say.

MARY (Dover).—"I am not going to attempt the Channel swim this year." That's an original idea!

W. A. (Bradford).—"Is an adding machine reliable?" You may count on that.

L. B. R. (Moorgate).—"What would the City do without its pigeons?" Probably somebody else would be done.

F. V. (Putney).—"You can't stop me writing to you." No, we can only make an earnest appeal to your better nature.

A. V. (Chester).—"After a long country walk I get very thirsty." That, of course, is the chief object of a long country walk.

L. R. (Radford).—"What is the best way to get rid of pests in the garden?" Make them push the roller or do a bit of digging.

B. F. (Bradford).—"What's diplomacy?" The art of saying simple things in a manner nobody can understand.

R. C. (Templeton).—"Do you think I'll make a success as a humorous or as a serious writer?" We're afraid you won't.

F. N. (Dorking).—"Dentists have strong nerves." Rather! They need them to be able to tell women to open and close their mouths.

W. L. (Worthing).—"It will take me twenty years to pay off the £1,000 on my house." Shoot a good *Bullet* this week and hit that mortgage on the head.

R. P. (Southport).—"Why call a man who drives a car a chauffeur?" Oh, he's called other things sometimes by pedestrians.

M. M. (Chipping Norton).—"The gift of a few toys will keep any child quiet." It didn't work that way when a neighbour gave ours a trumpet and a drum.

E. R. (Kingston).—"Can you give me an example of a buffer state?" A small garden entirely surrounded by neighbours who keep hens and cats.

A. R. (Deptford).—"My price for this article is five guineas, but it is worth more." We have decided to adopt a generous policy and let you keep it.

S. W. O. (Prestwich).—"My wife says women will shortly sweep the country." Meanwhile, let's hope they'll continue to sweep the parlour.

B. M. (London, S.).—"I have invented many articles, including a new type of explosive." Be careful that you are not referred to in future as a man of many parts.

H. F. O. (Leicester).—"Men and women are equal." Don't boast, laddie!

J. M. (Southsea).—"I seek light on the subject." Just reflect.

P. V. (Aston).—"I turned him out." Quite right. He had taken you in.

C. Y. (Warsop).—"I know what I know." Blow your knows!

H. C. A. (Preston).—"My strong man show brings down the house." So did Samson's.

B. U. (Camberwell).—"I came by your office yesterday." How can that be? It's still ours.

L. A. J. (Bedford).—"Can I contribute to your paper?" Yes, 2d. per week for one copy.

E. M. H. (Burnley).—"I am out for a tax on tips." We are out for a tip on taxes.

M. A. (Maidenhead).—"The road to hell is paved with good intentions." And with military inventions.

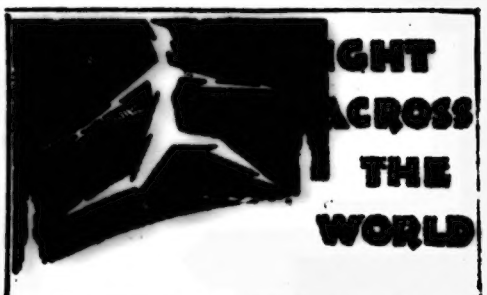
Mrs. G. H. (Wembley).—"I am expecting some money from Scotland." What an optimist!

AUTHOR (Enfield).—"This story has been refused by six editors." Wrong. By seven.

Mrs. K. (Chiswick).—"Though married they are still very loving." Perhaps they aren't married to each other.

K. B. (Thornton).—"Your pleading for charity is very pathetic." Yet it doesn't seem to touch your pocket, however it moves your heart.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)



Do you realise what remarkable advances have been made in radio reception? There is hardly a limit, now, to the distance over which you can hear. You may bring the world's best music right into your home. Real music—pure, undistorted—Mullard will bring it.

Fit Mullard Valves to your set and find a new joy in radio. These astonishing valves with the wonderful Mullard P.M. Filament have revolutionised radio reception. There is profound reason for their great sale. Try them. Even one Mullard P.M. Valve will work a great improvement in any radio receiver.

Mullard
THE·MASTER·VALVE

VARICOSE VEINS

(1) Sufferer wearing a bandage. Notice how the leg has lost its shapeliness and daintiness.

(2) Sufferer wearing Compri-Vena Stocking under Silk Hose. Notice slim and shapely appearance of ankle and leg.

At Last!

A Scientifically Correct

Rubberless Support

INVISIBLE UNDER SILK HOSE

The Compri-Vena, the new rubberless Surgical Stocking, may be said to have taken Great Britain by storm. A great number of wearers write to say that never since their first Varicose Vein appeared have they known such perfect comfort. Others have said that immediately they put the stocking on, the pain disappeared. The weak veins are supported everywhere, yet no discomfort is felt anywhere. The secret of its very remarkable success lies in the fact that the Compri-Vena Stocking has a continuous massaging effect upon the knotted veins. This encourages the proper circulation of the blood, i.e., *upwards* towards the heart. Doctors will tell you that this is the scientifically correct way of treating Varicose Veins. Moreover, so perfectly does the Compri-Vena fit that it is actually **undetectable even under Silk Hose.** Have you had particulars of this wonderful new Surgical Stocking? If not, call or write for them to-day. Copies of testimonials will also be sent to you. NO OBLIGATION. COMPRI-VENA LTD. (Dept. J.B.1), Evelyn House, 62, Oxford Street, London, W.1

SEPARATE FITTING ROOMS FOR LADIES. CALLERS AND FULLEST INVESTIGATION INVITED.

Compri-Vena

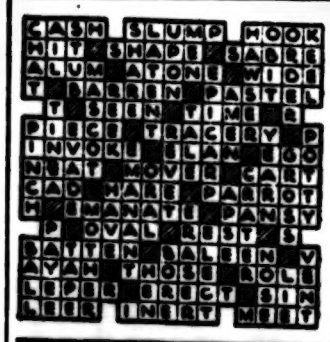
The Ideal Surgical Stocking.

NOT HEATING—ODOURLESS—EASY TO WASH

PSORIASIS

Eczema and all other Skin Diseases Completely and Permanently cured by this wonderful Herbal Treatment, which gets right down to the root of the trouble in the system. Every case treated individually with an experience extending over 40 years. Send post card for FREE BOOK sent under plain cover.

J. ROBINSON & SONS,
11, KUREM HOUSE, BRADFORD.



Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

HOW TO CURE RHEUMATISM WITH CELERY

Get a 1- or 2/- size Prof. Fuller's Celery Pepine from Boots or any chemist (each small pack contains the curative strength of 25 lbs. of fresh golden celery). If you are not almost cured within 7 days send back remainder to Prof. Fuller, 1, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.3, and your money will be returned at once. Free guarantee.

"The Greatest of These . . ."

A DISILLUSIONED MAN

Can his Home be Saved?

A YOUNG man who attained his majority at the same time as war broke out in 1914 threw up his job because he wanted to get "over there."

He served in France for over four years on active service, was wounded twice, and received the Military Medal for bravery in the field. After the war, he tried but failed to get work, so he served another two years in "Mespot."

With high hopes, he returned to his native land in 1921, expecting that the industry of Great Britain would by now have recovered.

"When I arrived in Glasgow," he writes, "did I hear the hammers singing on the Clyde? Did I see the subway full of shipyard workers going to work? Did I see working folk's kiddies running to meet their daddies on a Saturday for their pennies, as I had seen before the war? Did I see these things? No, not one of them. Instead, I saw queues of men waiting to sign a register."

Weeks turned into months and months into years. Then followed three happy years of work, when he regained his self-respect, and "home was home." The strike, however, deprived him of his work, and shattered his happiness.

"And so," he says, "the years have gone on, with just an odd job here and there, and the last job over a year ago.

"We at last fell behind with the rent, and now we have reached the last fence, and it is too big for us to climb alone. The home has to go.

"And to add to our lot just now, my dear wife will be compelled to take to her bed in a short while, as we are expecting an addition early in September."

This ex-Service man and his wife have four children, the eldest aged thirteen and the youngest one year old, whilst their total weekly income is 32s., which he draws from the employment exchange.

Is this brave man, who fought nobly for the preservation of other people's homes, to be allowed to lose his home? Surely our readers will dig deep into their pockets to prevent such a calamity.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* The Hon. Secretary, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

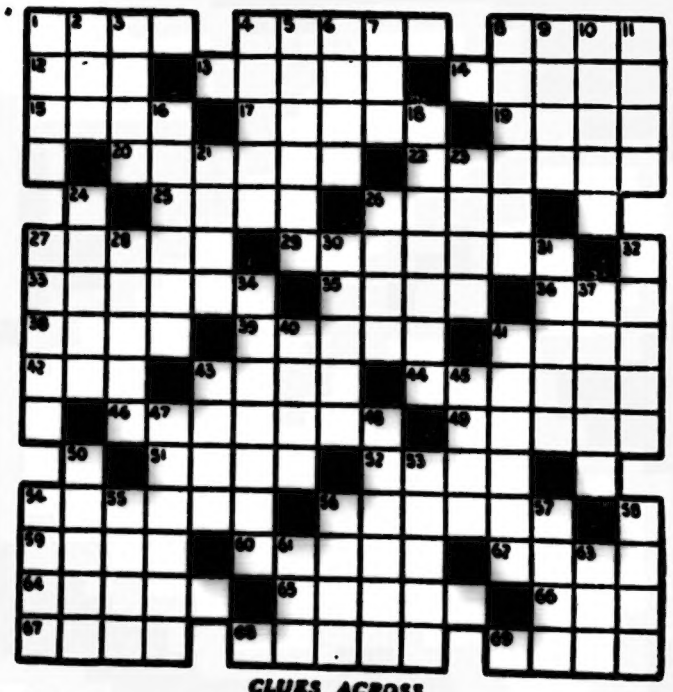
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

May (Ayr), 1s.; W. D. Burley (Thurleigh), 2s.; A. Dean (Shifnal), 6d.; Anon. (Bishop's Stortford), 1s.; "Babette," 6d.; A Reader, 2s.; D. P. (Wiesbaden), £5; H. W. R., 10s.; Thomas Horsley (Snainton), 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; "Sympathiser," 5s.; "Vashti" (Bristol), 3s. 6d.; "Grateful" (Manchester), 1s.; "The Merry Crew," 8s.; "Dabber" (Birmingham), 2s.; E. R. Milton (Stoke-on-Trent), 6d.; Anon. (Christchurch), 3s. 6d. "Odd Coppers," 5s.; G. I., 1s.; P. B. (Breathan), 2s. 6d.; A Well Wisher (Carnforth), 5s.; "Grateful Heart" (Dundee), £1. "Ex-Sapper" (Mile End), 5s.; Charles Lively (Manchester), 1s.; Miss M. A. Mear (Esher), 1s.; Anon. (West Norwood), 1s.; "Birthday Gift to Piper," 11s.; "Ucalite" (Orpington), 1s.; G. A. H. (Huddersfield), 6d.; "?" (Acton), 2s. 7d.; M. A. B., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Ibbetson (Brighton), 2s.; A Sympathiser (Thurcroft), 1s.; M. S., 1s.; M. A. B. (Ashton-under-Lyne), 2s.; "Sympathy" (Malvern), 2s.; "With Love" (Leeds), 1s.; Mrs. M. Young (Galashiels), 1s. 3d.; Mrs. M. E. Howard (Wells-on-Sea), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Bowman (Wingham), 1s.; Mrs. Farmage (Bisley Camp, Surrey), 2s.; Mrs. W. Watson (Inverurie), 5s.; C. T. C. 667 (Nottingham), 5s.; "Mary," 5s. 6d.; "Optimist" (Macclesfield), 1s.; "S. A. C.," 1s.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; Mr. W. Marchant (Bedford), £5; "W. M. P." (Ilford), £5; "Bell Hill," 2s. 6d.; "One Ninth" M.C., 3s. 6d.; Mrs. Potterton (Hilperly), 1s.; J. E. S. (Port of Cork), 2s.; E. F. F. (Rochdale), 6d.; Miss I. Leat (Fishponds) 2s. 6d.; Miss L. Mawson (South Wales), 5s.; Anon., (W.C.1), 5s.; "J. N. S. B." (Brechin), 6d.; Mrs. W. Taylor (Ford, Midlothian), 1s.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Our Cross-Word Corner

For HOME or HOLIDAY



CLUES ACROSS

1. Part of a sentence.
4. Premier.
8. The blues.
12. Regret.
13. Italian seaport.
14. Light boat.
15. Hitherto.
17. Vigorous.
19. One over eight.
20. Hypothesis.
22. Religious festival.
25. The ancient queen.
26. Luminous ring.
27. To burn with hot liquor.
29. Kind of optical illusion.
33. To apprehend.
35. Famous in 1914.
36. A gratuity.
38. A beverage.
39. To speak.
41. Ancient burial place of Scottish kings.
42. Possess.
43. A hart.
44. Principal meal.
46. Raiment.
49. Open.
51. A measure.
52. Preposition.
54. Unfasten.
56. Mean.
59. Want.
60. Youthful.
62. Comfort.
64. Prevent.
65. Alcoholic.
66. Moist.
67. Crude minerals.
68. The mark ,,
69. Mirth.

CLUES DOWN

1. English bird.
2. Possessive pronoun.
3. Repose.
4. Criminal.
5. Hardened by use.
6. Blushing.
7. Seated.
8. Obsolete cab.
9. The number 1.
10. Cash.
11. Equal.
16. German coin.
18. Longed for.
21. Terminals.
23. Expression of regret.
24. Ship's propeller.
26. Cry of an owl.
27. Wooden shoe.
28. Contesting place.
30. Reflection.
31. Repent.
32. Separate.
34. Completely.
37. Immobile.
40. Scarce.
41. To call upon.
43. A goad.
45. A lot.
47. Our "Dorns."
48. English bird.
50. To jeer.
53. A darky.
54. Annul.
55. A gain.
56. Beef fat.
57. Two-masted yacht.
58. To measure.
61. Coloured Japanese sash.
63. Observe.

The solution of our last week's Puzzle will be found on this page.

DARE YOU BE SEEN IN BATHING DRESS

Lots of people miss the best pleasure a holiday through being too thin. Their legs and arms are so skinny and weak that they're never happy basking on the beach like other people. They're afraid of being laughed at.

Yet, if they only knew, they could end their troubles right away, for there's a sure way for any underweight man or woman to put on pounds of fine, firm flesh. If you know anyone like this, just tell them to get a box of McCoy's Tablets from any chemist's.

These little sugar-coated tablets have no unpleasant taste or smell like most flesh-building medicines, yet they are positively guaranteed to put firm flesh on skinny limbs. In fact, they are sold on the definite understanding that if you don't put on at least 3 lbs. in one month's treatment as prescribed, the makers will refund double what you paid.

Just go to any chemist and ask for McCoy's Tablets. Only 1s. 6d. and 3s. the box, but be sure you get the genuine McCoy's. Refuse substitutes, and in case of difficulty write direct to McCoy's Laboratories, Norwich.

THIS WEEK'S **BARGAINS BY POST** Appear on Page **32**

Cold in the Head

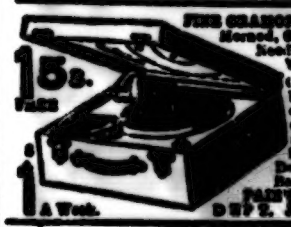
Get rid of that stuffy Head Cold with Nostroline Nasal Specific. Waste no time dallying. Clear the choked airways and put the germs to flight as quickly as ever you can get 'Nostroline' from Chemist's, 1/3 and 3/-, or—

Nostroline Laboratories, 61, Clifton, Bristol.

YOUR NOSE NEEDS

NOSTROLINE

Nasal Specific



15s. FREE

1 A Week.

FINE GRAMOPHONES. Portable, Mersed, 67/-, Horsless 89/-, Needles and 12 Tunes Worth. FREE with Carriage forward. Either sent to approval on terms for 2/6 deposit; 10 per cent. discount for cash; 10 per cent. and 1 pennie to be paid fortnightly. All Tunes Double, D-Sight or Black. Catalogue Free. FAIRY PRESENTS DEPT. J.B., BASILDON

INSECT-BITE

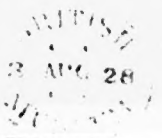
SEND FOR FREE SAMPLES

and all skin troubles—Acne, Eczema, Ring-worm, Burns, Wounds, &c., &c.—relieved at once and cured by Sphagnol, the natural Peat remedy. Used and recommended by over 12,000 doctors.

Sphagnol

SOAPS OINTMENTS

PEAT PRODUCTS (Sphagnol) LTD. (Dept. J.11), 21, Bush Lane, E.C.4



How You Can Win £1,000

VER £20,000 in *Bullets* prizes has already been won by JOHN BULL readers this year. Now we are awaiting good *Bullets* for this k's big prizes of £1,000, £100, £50 and twenty-five "Holiday Fivers."

ou have simply to choose one of the *Examples* below and add any O, THREE or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. Thus if you ose the *Example*, MAN IN THE DOCK, the added words COUNSEL CUES—OR DROWNS would form a *Bullet*.

he last three First Prize *Bullets*, chosen for their cleverness, aptness originality, were as follows:—

S BABY A BLESSING?—PROBLEM—MOTHER'S "WORKING OUT."
ALKING ABOUT HOLIDAYS—POLITICIAN—WHERE'S *Britain* GOING?
IFE OF THE NATION—DEMANDS "SURVIVAL AFTER *Birth*."

ou could have thought out any of these winners yourself. Set to k on this week's *Examples* and win £1,000 or a Holiday Prize!

The result of Competition No. 683 ("Bullets" 2,000 Guineas Offer) will appear next week.

hoose from these "Examples"

NG THE WORLD	WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN
IDAYS	WHEREVER SHE GOES
ER BEEN HAD?"	BEWILDERING
AN BEINGS	A LOVE POTION
ALLY	BLACK SHEEP
Y LIFE'S LIKE TENNIS	LASTS FOR EVER
NDS CHEERFUL	WHERE FATHER'S GOING
KING FOR A WIFE	A PEST
CONSTITUTION	THE HARDEST
SHORES	WORTH THINKING ABOUT
NG	ORANGE BLOSSOMS
S ON MY NERVES	THANKLESS TASK
LL GOES WELL	NOWHERE TO GO
Y LOVE DIES	YOUTH AND BEAUTY
ALLACY	UNDUTIFUL
R SINCE	CHANGING HER MIND
N DIGNITY	A THOUSAND PITIES
IN THE DOCK	PRETTY GIRLS
LIC PROPERTY	APPROPRIATE
NCIALLY EMBARRASSED	IS THE GOVERNMENT ASLEEP?

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

ULLETS" RULES.—2. The First Prize will be ded for what in the opinion of the judges in con- ion with the Editor is the best Bullet received, he other prizes in order of merit, the test being rness, aptness and originality.

Only two attempts may be written on each n, and a postal order must be enclosed at the of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must ade payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. tters must write their names and addresses he date of sending the order on the back of the r, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 683, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 26.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(683) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 4d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 26.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(683) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Use Two, Three or Four words. Enter name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 26.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(683) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 26.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(683) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 8d.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 684.

PLEASING POVERTY—WOMAN IN THE CASE—AFTER DINNER—SECURITY—WHAT'S WRONG WITH POLICE—LOST SHEEP—WHY RAILWAYS DON'T RUN—MARKED MAN—WITHOUT TEARS—ONLY THING TO DO—"TOUCH, PLEASE!"—SOCIALLY—FOR SPEED—UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL—MY FUTURE—WHERE LOVE IS—HER HOLIDAY—GARDEN COMPANION—BETTER HOT—THE MYSTERY OF

SPECIAL SECURITY PRIZES.—Chosen for 5th, 10th and 15th consecutively will be paid to the Readers whose Coupons bear the names of the three child "Bullets." Friends in Competition No. 683 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The Woman of Holland uses Sunlight Soap.

It was *you* who taught her

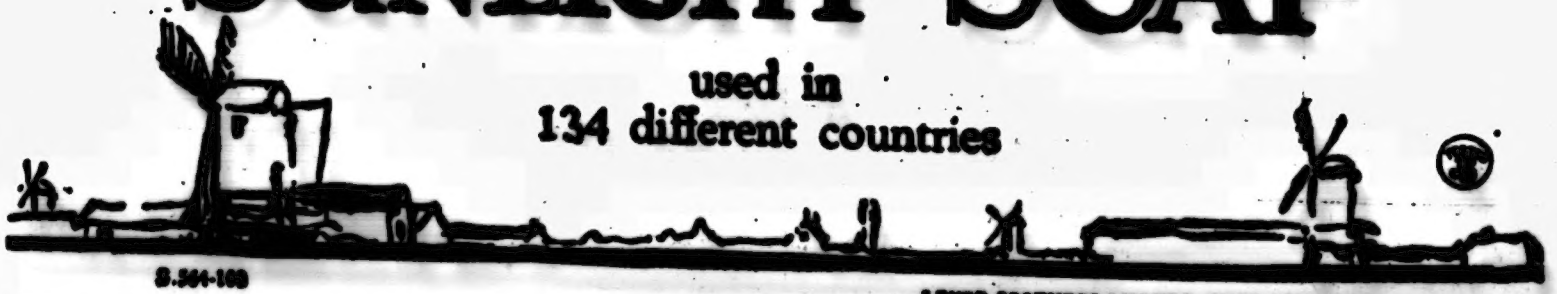
WHERE could you find a cleaner country than Holland? Go into the tiniest cottage on the shores of the Zuider Zee and you will see a picture of cleanliness—of snowy linen, shining pottery, and everything spick-and-span. For Dutch housewives know well the value of pure soap. They use Sunlight

In Amsterdam and Rotterdam two homes out of every three are cleaned with Sunlight Soap

The sales of Sunlight are world-wide. They extend over five continents and 134 different countries. They are increasing every year. But it was the women of Britain who first recognised the supreme quality of Sunlight Soap —who first discovered how much better this purest of soaps washes and how much labour it saves. British women gave the lead which all the world is following to-day

SUNLIGHT SOAP

used in
134 different countries



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